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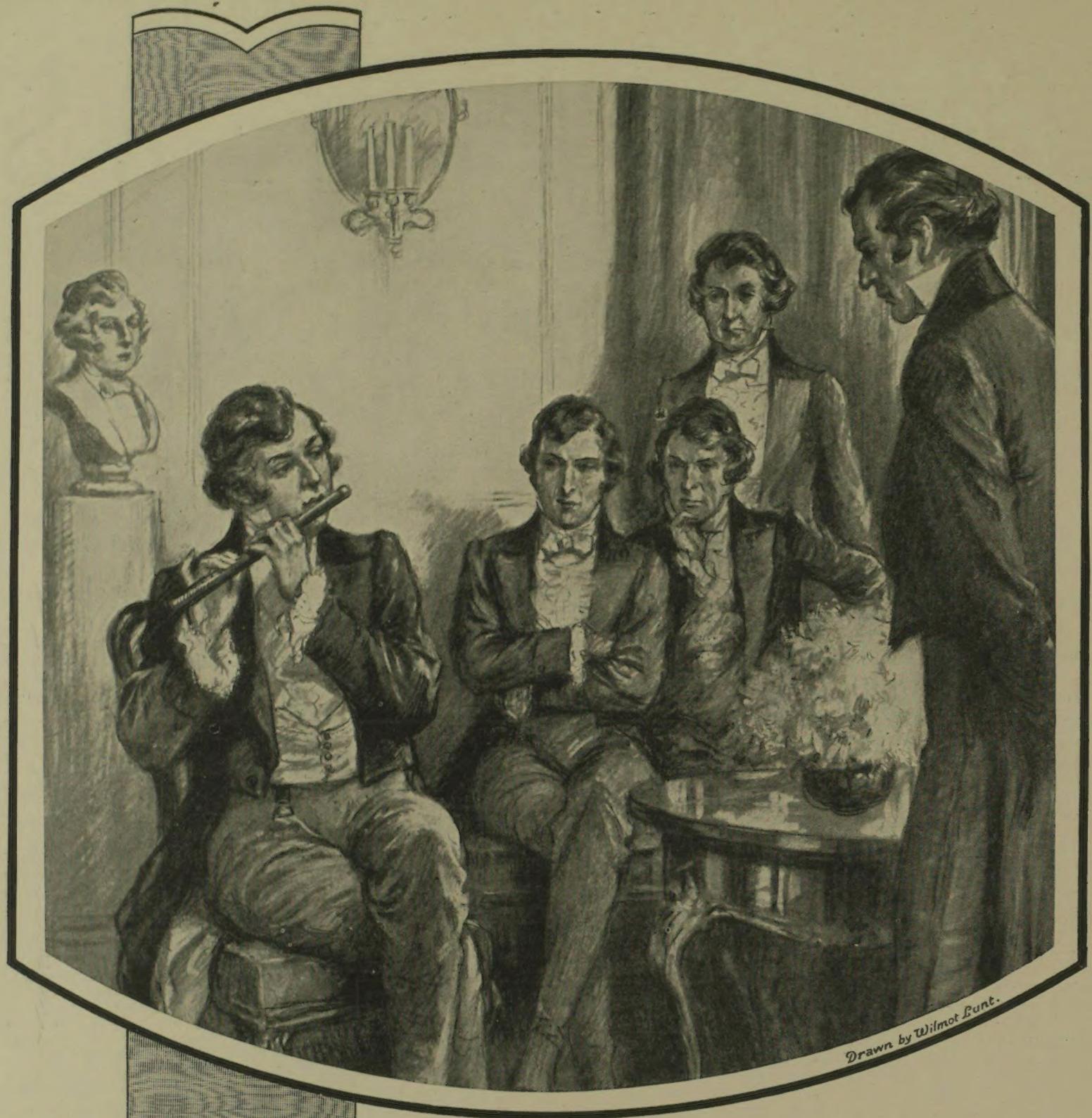
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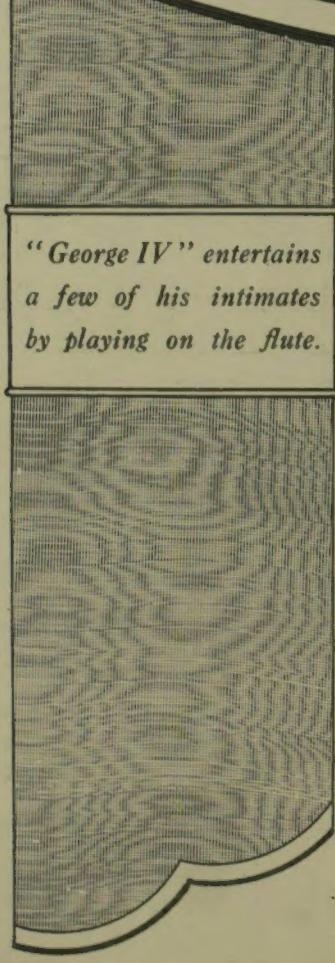
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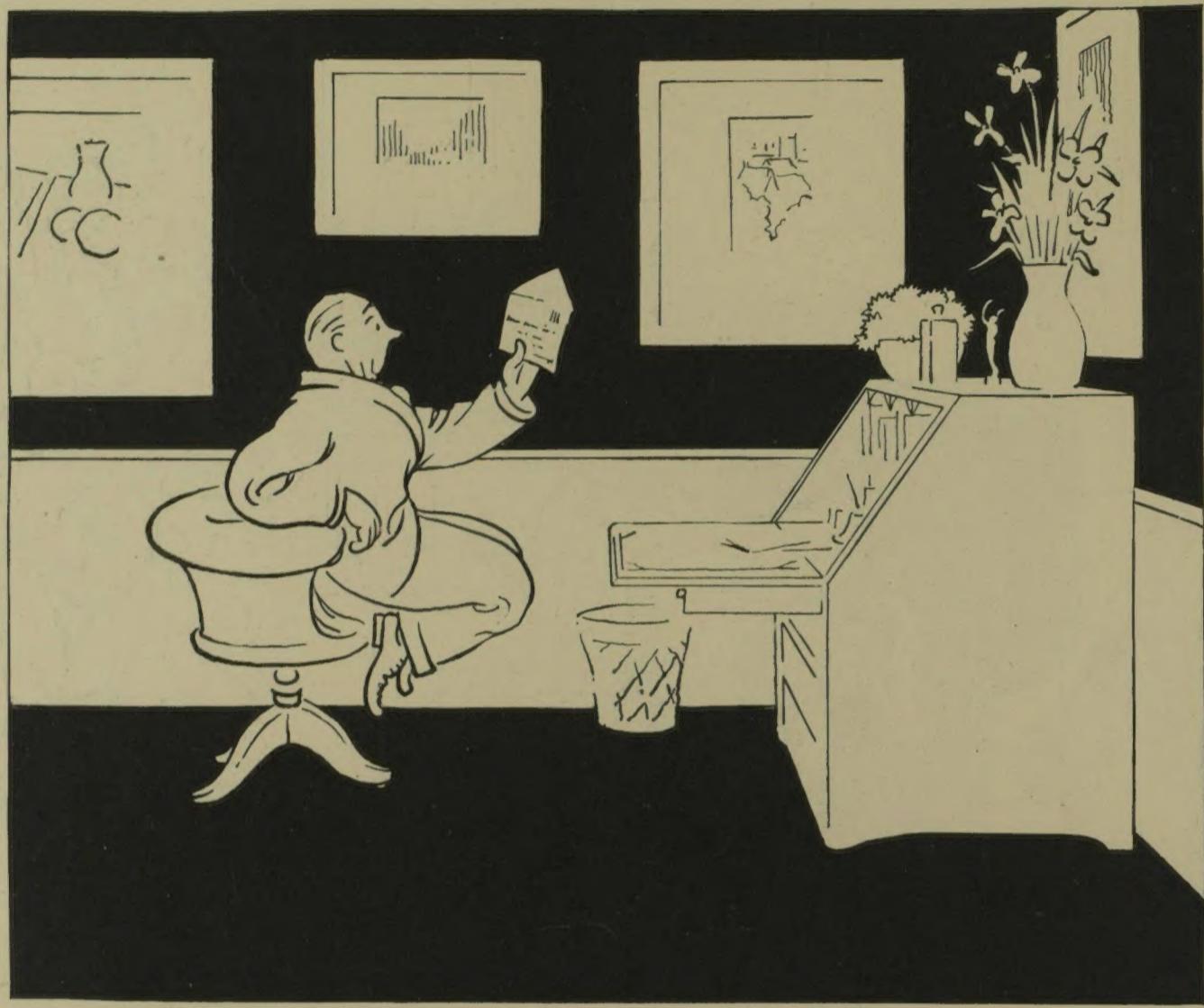
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## PROBLEMS



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What should A do?

\* \* \* \* \*

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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1929.

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## THE MEDIAEVAL ENGLAND OF TO-DAY: MIDNIGHT AT BOOTHAM BAR.

The Gates, or Bars, of York, with the famous walls and, of course, the Minster, are the distinctive feature of the city. As to Bootham Bar, Methuen's "Little Guide to York," says: "This was the entrance to the mediæval city from the north, and partly occupies the site of the north-west Roman gate, through which passed the Roman road to Isurium and the Wall. . . . The mediæval Bar, though less imposing than some of the others, exhibits the same structural evolution, and the same general architectural character. Unfortunately, its

barbican was removed in 1832; it has even lost all trace of the doorways that formerly gave access to the lateral walls. . . . The portcullis, however, remains, though its grooves have been built up, to prevent it falling down. Bootham Bar is unique in exhibiting bartizans as well on its inner, or city, as on its outer front." To quote the same book: "York, altogether, may fairly be claimed as our most perfect remaining example of a fortified mediæval town." Our photograph was taken during the recent very cold spell.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

A DISTINGUISHED military gentleman recently wrote to the newspaper to announce that a Chinese Buddhist is shortly to visit England, with the firm intention of finally abolishing war. He—I mean the military gentleman—explained that Buddhism is a word that means Enlightenment, and that only Enlightenment can abolish War. This seems in itself a simple process of reason and reform. But I should not be moved to criticise anything so excellent in intention, if the writer had not dragged in the dreary old trick of comparing the enlightened condition of Buddhists with the benighted condition of Christians. It is true that, like most men in this modern confusion of mind, he needlessly muddles himself by using the same word in two senses and on both sides, and setting Christianity against itself. Buddhism is Christianity, and Buddhism is better than Christianity, and Christianity will never be itself until it is enlightened enough to become something different. But this

mere logomachy does not alter the essentials of the opinion, which most of us have seen in one form or another for a great many years past. The key of the situation is that the military critic says that "Christians have failed" to abolish War; and that this is due to the lamentable fact that Christians are not enlightened; or, in other words, to the curious fact that Christians are not Buddhists.

Now, to begin with, a normal European need hardly have any narrow contempt for Asiatics in order to feel mildly resentful and even rebellious under this sort of thing. If the Chinese gentleman is coming with an infallible talisman to stop all fighting in England, might it not be suggested to him that he should stay where he is, and stop all fighting in China? Fighting has never been a habit strictly confined to Christians; nor have wars been entirely unknown outside Christendom. It may be that certain hermits or holy men, both eastern and western, have individually abandoned war. But we are not talking about abandoning war, but about abolishing war. In what sense have Christians failed, in which Buddhists have not equally failed? In what respect is Buddhism, which has looked on at all the Asiatic fighting for four thousand years, any more successful than Christianity, that has barely looked on for two thousand? I do not think the thing is any real discredit either to Buddhism or Christianity, for anybody who is really "enlightened" about history and human nature. But if we are to be told about ten times a week by every newspaper and noisy talker that Christianity has failed to do anything because it has failed to stop fighting, what are we to say of the chances of the Chinese gentleman of stopping it in Europe with a new religion, when he could not stop it in Asia with an old one? At a guess, I should say that a Christian appeal for peace would often have been much nearer to practical politics than the metaphysical enlightenment of the Buddhist.

Without putting very much money on the chances of either, I should say there would have been something rather more remotely resembling a chance for a Franciscan saint influencing the policy of Richard Coeur de Lion than of a Buddhist monk (with his mind full of Nirvana) stopping the march of Genghis Khan. But that is a minor guess, and does not matter. The obvious point is that, if Christianity is to be called a failure because it has not abolished war, Buddhism can hardly be a certain and solid guarantee that we shall abolish war. The truth is, of course, that all such talk of abolishing this and that, among the recurrent misunderstandings and temptations of mankind, shows an essential ignorance of the very nature of mankind. It does not allow for the hundred inconsistencies, dilemmas, desperate remedies, and divided allegiances of men. A man may be in every way a good man and a true believer, and yet be in a false position. Indeed, the military

most, the secularists and humanitarians, who really do go in for promising millenniums of peace and plenty. It is the novelists and essayists of the sceptical school who announce at intervals the War That Will End War, or the World State that will impose universal peace. Christianity never promised that it would impose universal peace. It had a great deal too much respect for personal liberty. The sceptical theorist is allowed to throw off Utopia after Utopia, and is never reproached when they are contradicted by the facts, or contradicted by each other. The unfortunate believer is alone always made responsible, and held to account for breaking a promise that he never made.

Undoubtedly this sort of sneer would be quite as unjust to Buddhism as to Christianity. The ideal of Buddha might still be the best for men, even if millions of men continued to prefer what is lower than the best. As to whether the ideal of Buddha is the best

for men, that is a much larger question which cannot be at all suitably developed here. Indeed, there is a great deal of difference of opinion about what the ideal of Buddha really was, especially among Buddhists. That also is a taunt vulgarly thrown against the followers of Christ, which might just as well be thrown against the followers of Buddha. The mysterious Chinese gentleman may impose on all the nations of the earth the same definition of peace, and still have a more delicate task, when he has to impose on all the Theosophists the same definition of Theosophy. But some at least of the disciples of the great Gautama interpret his ideal, so far as I can understand them, as one of absolute liberation from all desire or effort or anything that hinders



"THE BURGOMASTER" AND "THE BURGOMASTER'S WIFE"—BY NICOLAS ELIAS PICKENOY, MASTER OF VAN DER HELST: WORKS TO BE SEEN AT THE RAEURN GALLERY.

These two fine works, which are to be seen just now in the Raeburn Gallery, in Duke Street, Piccadilly, are by Nicolas Elias Pickenoy, who was born at Amsterdam in 1590, died in 1656, and had the famous Van der Helst as a pupil. He is represented in the Rijks Museum, Amsterdam, by no fewer than twelve pictures.

gentleman who wrote the letter about Buddhism and War need not look far for such an example. By his own standards, he is himself inconsistent in being a Christian soldier; and even more inconsistent since he seems to be a Buddhist soldier.

I have taken this one text from the daily paper before me because we all know that the religion of our fathers is being perpetually pelted with such texts. And even apart from any loyalty to my faith, I have enough loyalty to my fathers, and to the general record and reputation of English and European men, to feel that it is time that such taunts should be treated as they deserve. It is no disgrace to Christianity, it is no disgrace to any great religion, that its counsels of perfection have not made every single person perfect. If after centuries a disparity is still found between its ideal and its followers, it only means that the religion still maintains the ideal, and the followers still need it. But it is not a thing at which a philosopher in his five wits has any reason to be surprised. As a matter of fact, it would be much more reasonable to use this taunt against the irreligious who use it than against the religious against whom it is used. It is the very people who use it

man beings commonly call hope. In that sense, the philosophy would only mean the abandonment of arms because it would mean the abandonment of almost everything. It would not discourage war any more than it would discourage work. It would not discourage work any more than it would discourage pleasure. It would certainly tell the warrior that disappointment awaited him when he became the conqueror, and that his war was not worth winning. But it would also presumably tell the lover that his love was not worth winning; and that the rose would wither like the laurel. It would presumably tell the poet that his poem was not worth writing; which may (in certain cases needless to name) be indeed the case. But it can hardly be called an inspiring philosophy for the production of good poems any more than bad. It may be that these persons are wrong about what is threatened by Buddhism. It may also be that the other persons are wrong about what was promised by Christianity. But I hope we have heard the last of the muddled discontent of worldly people, who curse the Church for not saving the world that did not want to be saved, and are ready to call in any other theory against it—even the wild theory by which the world would be destroyed.

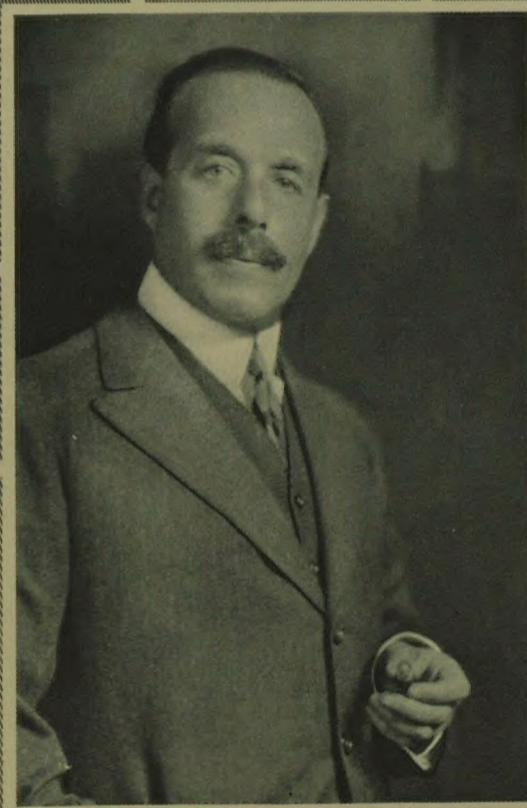
## THE LEONARDO DA VINCI DISPUTE: A "SLANDER OF TITLE" ACTION.



"LA BELLE FERRONNIÈRE": A PICTURE IN THE LOUVRE, PARIS, GENERALLY REGARDED AS AN AUTHENTIC WORK BY LEONARDO DA VINCI (FOR COMPARISON WITH THE ADJOINING ILLUSTRATION).



THE SUBJECT OF A "SLANDER OF TITLE" ACTION BROUGHT BY ITS OWNER AGAINST SIR JOSEPH DVEEN, FOR CALLING IT "A COPY": MRS. HAHN'S PICTURE (FOR COMPARISON WITH THE ADJOINING ILLUSTRATION).



SIR JOSEPH DVEEN, BT.: THE FAMOUS ART DEALER, FROM WHOM MRS. HAHN CLAIMED £100,000 DAMAGES FOR "SLANDER OF TITLE."

In the Supreme Court at New York, on February 5, a suit for 500,000 dollars (£100,000) damages for slander of title was begun by Mrs. Andrée Ledoux Hahn against Sir Joseph Duveen. The action arose out of his alleged statement, nine years ago, that Mrs. Hahn's picture, "La Belle Ferronnière," purporting to be by Leonardo da Vinci, was only a copy of that master's work. Mrs. Hahn contended that Sir Joseph's declaration had "killed" a proposed sale of the painting to the Kansas City Art Institute. This long-standing art dispute was discussed by a committee of experts in Paris in 1923, and we reproduce above two photographs taken on that occasion and published in our issues of Sept. 22



THE 1923 DISCUSSION OF THE CLAIM OF MRS. HAHN'S PICTURE TO BE AN ORIGINAL LEONARDO: ART EXPERTS IN CONCLAVE IN PARIS SHOWING PROFESSOR VENTURI (CENTRE BACKGROUND)



EXPERTS WHO PRONOUNCED ON THE 1923 DISPUTE: (L. TO R.) SIR MARTIN CONWAY, SIR CHARLES HOLMES, M. NICOLLE, PROFESSOR VENTURI, MR. ROGER FRY, MR. L. S. LEVY, M. LURFROSE, AND CAPTAIN L. DOUGLAS.

and 29 in that year. It was reported at the time that the experts were understood to have pronounced the Louvre picture to be an original Leonardo and Mrs. Hahn's picture a copy, opinions being based partly on artistic quality and partly on the nature of the pigment. Mrs. Hahn's pending action against Sir Joseph Duveen was also mentioned at that time. It was stated in a message from New York on February 16 last that the suit recently begun there had lasted for ten days, and that Sir Joseph Duveen had been in the witness-box for five days. He was reported to have maintained his ground that an art expert is entitled to give his opinion. In the interests of art and his profession, he had refused an opportunity given him to retract. He submitted that if, as he believed, the Louvre portrait was Da Vinci's original, he had no alternative but to deny the claims of Mrs. Hahn's picture.

# The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

## "HOMECOMING."

THE return of Erich Pommer to the Ufa Studios, after his work in America, finds apt expression in a powerful production, "Homecoming," which comes to the Regal, Marble Arch, on April 1. It is Pommer's avowed belief that the international appeal of a picture finds its root in the humanity and the simplicity of its story. He argues that the greatest stories of the world must be those that deal with the conflicts of the soul, with those passions and emotions that are universal. No one will deny the force of his reasoning, nor the world-wide appeal of his simple theme in "Homecoming." It is, indeed, but another variation of the Enoch Arden theme, to which Erich Pommer and his director, Joe May, have brought a sensitivity of feeling and a keen perception of character that carry the picture far beyond the region of mere melodrama.

The story of Richard, his wife Anna, and Karl, his friend, begins in Siberia, where the two men, prisoners of war, are in charge of the desolate ferry which carries their less fortunate comrades to the greater desolation of the lead mines. In their loneliness, Richard has dwelt on every detail of the home he longs for, and described the woman he loves so often and so warmly, that Karl knows almost as much about the little household as does its exiled head. At last, the men determine to attempt an escape. Karl wins through; but Richard, despite his friend's heroic efforts, is recaptured and dragged back to the mines. In course of time Karl duly presents himself to Richard's wife. Gradually the links between them—links forged by Richard himself in his long recitals of his lost joys—strengthen and tighten. The cosy atmosphere of the modest home, the unpretentious pleasures of the German working-class quarters—all this is realised to perfection, and with a remarkable sense of pictorial values, by the producer. Coming as it does before the tragedy of the husband's return, the idyllic interlude serves to add to the poignancy of the climax. It is here, too, that Lars Hanson, admirable throughout as the sombre Richard, rises to real heights. The unhappy man has a momentary impulse to kill, to rid himself and his home of the usurper. But he remembers his friend's devotion during the agonies of the escape, and he chooses the path of renunciation.

Lars Hanson is one of the few actors who have gone to Hollywood and emerged untouched in any way. American methods did not absorb Lars Hanson, nor did he, on the whole, take kindly to them. One remembers his fine performances in "Wind," and, particularly, in "The Scarlet Letter," wherein we certainly had a glimpse of his great gifts. But his "Homecoming" is in every sense of the word a return to his kingdom. When Hollywood cast him for the grown-up "support" to Jackie Coogan, it was evident that Lars Hanson's foot should seek his native heath—or at any rate the fields akin to it. Under Erich Pommer's direction he reveals once more those deeply human qualities, that subtlety of emotional expression, that first brought him to the front rank of screen actors. His impersonation of this German Enoch Arden is beautiful in its complete sincerity. In excellent contrast stands the buoyant, laughing Karl of Gustav Fröhlich. Karl bearing his misfortunes as a prisoner of war with a cheery philosophy; Karl making the best of everything; Karl, later on, caught in the grip of a growing

passion and trying to play the game—Gustav Fröhlich conveys the evolution of the character with extraordinary skill. Dita Parlo plays the woman, Anna, with unaffected charm; but hers is, inevitably, the more passive part.

Pommer has not disdained to make use of a sort of natural symbolism in his picture; the empty water-flask of the recaptured fugitive, the brimming bottle of the youngster hurrying back to liberty and life; the casting-off of the hawsers that held the ship wherein Richard sails away from all that life meant to him—unconscious symbolism, all of it; the apt gesture that does so often occur in life and that the

of entertainment. All lovers of fine film production and acting should make a note of April 1.

## FILM-GOERS' GRIEVANCES.

At a time when kinema proprietors pile Pelion on Ossa in an effort to reach a pinnacle of comfort, luxury and splendour, when veritable palaces, gold-encrusted, opalescent beneath their ever-shifting lights, outvie each other in size and opulence, when the film-goer's foot sinks deep in pneumatic carpets, and his body relaxes in the embrace of the latest thing in tip-up seats—and all for a few shillings!—at such a time it may surprise the managerial mind to hear of a grievance amongst his patrons. "A grievance?" he will exclaim. "Superpalaces, super-seating, super-films—what more can they ask for?"

Well, there are one or two trifling things that the patron does ask for, which require no expenditure of money on the part of the management, but only the recognition of the fact that the average film-goer of to-day is an intelligent human being who knows what he wants to see, and does not go to the kinema to hold hands in the dark or to have a quiet snooze, or to be satisfied with any shadow-picture that happens to invade the screen. The film-goer of to-day goes to the kinema as the playgoer goes to the theatre—to see a certain play which he has selected as suited to his taste in entertainment. Why, then, can he not be treated as seriously as the playgoer? Why should he still be regarded as a vapid pleasure-seeker out for the day?

The film-goer is often a busy person. He makes up his mind to see a film for good and solid reasons—because the producer, or the chief actors, or the theme interest him—and he opens his paper to ascertain particulars. Eight times out of fourteen (the figures are verified) he will not be able to discover at what hour the picture he wishes

to see actually commences. Leaving out of the question such houses as the Polytechnic and the Carlton Theatre, there are nine important West End picture-theatres which still adhere to the old form of advertisement: "Continuous performance from such-and-such an hour to such-and-such an hour." As the programme is nearly always made up of two pictures—to say nothing of news budgets, variety interludes, and short "talkies," the film-goer may be fated to sit through an hour and more of stuff he has no wish to see before he arrives at the picture of his choice. Worse still, he may arrive *au beau milieu* of this particular picture, and have to sit the clock round until he can see the first half, a most unsatisfactory proceeding. Can one conceive of a playgoer consenting to see the last two acts of a play before the first two, with a long interlude of other matter between them? The only remedy at present is to ring up the picture-theatre in the morning; but, for one thing, this is a laborious proceeding, entailing endless patience whilst the "engaged" signal indulges in its peculiarly jeering note; and, for another, the picture patron should not have to incur the extra expense



"WHITE SHADOWS IN THE SOUTH SEAS": MR. MONTE BLUE AS DR. LLOYD—  
IN A NATIVE DUG-OUT CANOE AND HOLDING A PEARL OYSTER.

imaginative mind seizes upon, either to ponder over or, as in this case, to turn to pictorial account.

If the film has a fault, it is that the producer has lingered a trifle too long over the opening chapters, establishing his atmosphere with an almost laborious



"WHITE SHADOWS IN THE SOUTH SEAS": MISS RAQUEL TORRES, A MEXICAN STAR, AS FAYAWAY,  
DAUGHTER OF A CHIEF.

deliberation. His justification, no doubt, lies in the creating of the bonds between the two men, as well as in the contrast between their wretched life in exile and the rose-wreathed dreams of home. But, viewed as a whole, the length of the earlier episodes is a little out of balance. Günther Rittau's camera-work is masterly, and adds its own note of distinction to a production that certainly belongs to a high plane

and trouble of telephoning. The hour of each individual picture-showing should be announced in the papers. A few kinemas have recognised the necessity of this plan; the others should follow suit as quickly as possible.

Another grievance that should be considered forthwith is that of the business man and woman, who cannot get to the kinema in the early afternoon. Now,

(Continued on page 374)

# FILMED IN OCEANIA; NOT IN A STUDIO: "WHITE SHADOWS IN THE SOUTH SEAS."



"SIMON-PURE" NATIVES AS ACTORS AND THE MARQUEZAS AS A NATURAL SETTING: A DANCE OF WELCOME.



AN IDYLLIC SETTING BY DAME NATURE: A SCENE IN "WHITE SHADOWS IN THE SOUTH SEAS"; PRESENTED AT THE REGAL.



A TRADITIONAL MEASURE: MISS RAQUEL TORRES LEADS A DANCE, AS FAYAWAY, A NATIVE GIRL.



A REAL OCCASION REPEATED FOR THE FILM STORY: A GALA FEAST OF WELCOME IN AN ISLAND OF THE SOUTH SEAS.



A MEXICAN STAR IN A VILLAGE IN THE MARQUEZAS: MISS RAQUEL TORRES AS FAYAWAY, DAUGHTER OF A NATIVE CHIEF.



WHITE STARS AND NATIVES—MR. MONTE BLUE AS DR. LLOYD AND MISS RAQUEL TORRES AS FAYAWAY.

As every visitor to the cinema theatres knows, very many settings for film pictures are built up in studios, especially in cases where, if this were not done, the actors would have to travel to some remote part of the world, and thus, amongst other things, greatly increase the cost of production. There are, however, instances in which it has been thought politic to rely upon settings by Dame Nature only. "White Shadows in the South Seas," which was presented for the first time in this country on February 18, at the Regal Theatre, Marble Arch, is a most excellent example, and illustrates how far, far better a thing it may be to depend upon natural surroundings, instead of on the work of scene-painters and stage carpenters.

For the purposes of this film, which is a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Cosmopolitan Production picture, written by Mr. Frederick O'Brien, and directed by Mr. W. S. Van Dyke, those white actors who were necessary to the play went to the South Seas. These were Mr. Monte Blue, who played Dr. Lloyd, the beachcomber; Mr. Robert Anderson, who played the brutal pearl-trader, Sebastian; and Miss Raquel Torres, a Mexican, who played Fayaway, the daughter of a Chief. The whole of the remainder of the cast were natives. It may be added that "White Shadows" is attracting large audiences, and thus repeating its success in America, where it is "a two-dollar stand 'em up hit"! It has "discreet sound effects."

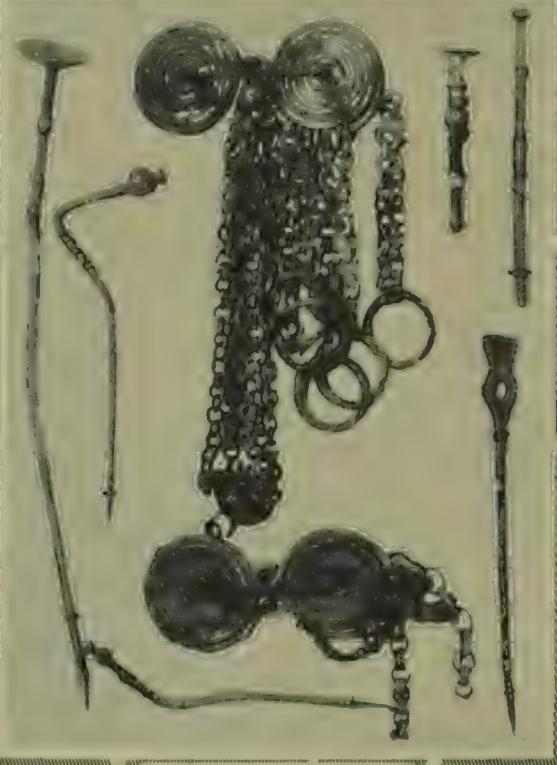
## RELICS OF THE FIRST IRON AGE IN EUROPE:



1. ROUND PIECES OF QUARTZITE FOR POUNDING ORE; AND A FLAT SLAB OF CRYSTALLINE LIMESTONE (CENTRE), SHOWING HOLES MADE BY POUNDING THE MINERALS.



2. SEVERAL CASTING MOULDS USED BY PREHISTORIC METAL-WORKERS OF THE HALLSTADT PERIOD: FORMS FOR ARROW-POINTS, NEEDLES, BROOCHES, AND TOOLS.



3. SILESIAN ORNAMENTS, PROBABLY MADE FOR TRADE WITH SILESIA: SOME BRONZE OBJECTS FOUND AT VELEM.



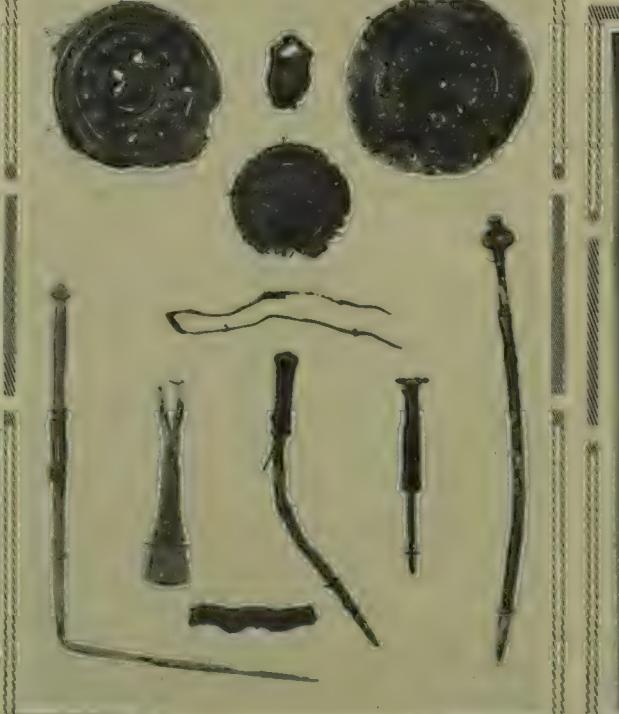
4. AKIN IN STYLE TO PREHISTORIC METAL WORK IN SWEDEN: ORNAMENTS AND A LITTLE SWORD MODEL OF BRONZE



5. DATING FROM THE FIRST IRON AGE-EARLY HALLSTADT EPOCH (1100-800 B.C.): IRON TOOLS AND BRONZE ORNAMENTS.



6. SHOWING CHARACTERISTICS OF ITALIAN PREHISTORIC WORKMANSHIP: BRONZE IMPLEMENTS KNIVES AND NEEDLES.



7. OBJECTS MADE FOR EXPORT: BRONZE ORNAMENTS AND IMPLEMENTS OF BOSNIAN TYPE DISCOVERED AT VELEM.



8. MANUFACTURED FOR SWITZERLAND OR PURCHASED FROM THAT COUNTRY: OBJECTS FOUND AT VELEM-NEEDLES AND ORNAMENTS.

In his article on page 344 of this number, Dr. Von Bandat, a distinguished geologist and archaeologist at the University of Budapest, describes discoveries of outstanding interest made on a prehistoric site near the village of Velem, among the mountains of western Hungary, near the border of Austria. Velem has long been known as a Bronze Age site, and the centre of an extensive metal-working industry in those remote days. The successive archaeological strata at this place

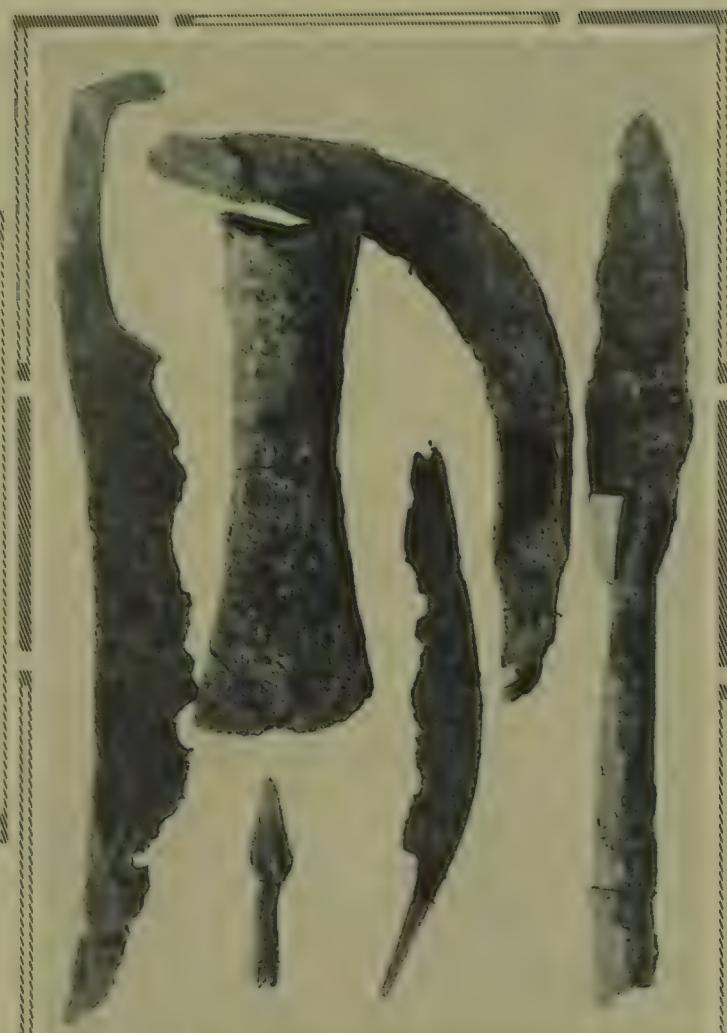
carry the story of human activities there from Neolithic up to Roman times. "This remarkable continuity," writes Dr. Von Bandat, "gives Velem an extraordinarily important place . . . in archaeological researches concerning the early civilisation of man. Baron von Miske believes that Velem contains the earliest samples of iron in Europe. It seems possible that the presence of several ores there, in connection with the well-developed bronze industry, led to the first

[Continued opposite.]

## A PREHISTORIC MINE; RINGS AND SICKLES AS MONEY.



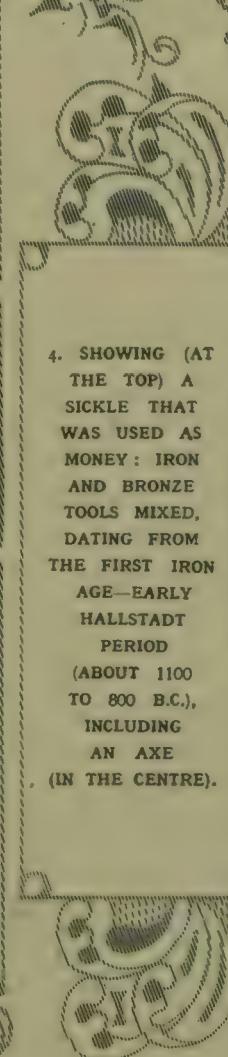
1. FINE BRONZE WORK OF THE LATE HALLSTATT PERIOD: TOOLS, WEAPONS, AND ORNAMENTS OF REMARKABLY DELICATE WORKMANSHIP, INCLUDING SEVERAL TYPES OF FIBULÆ, OR BROOCHES, AND AN AXE (IN THE CENTRE).



2. DATING FROM THE LATE HALLSTATT PERIOD, IN THE FIRST IRON AGE (800-450 B.C.): ROUGH IRON TOOLS—KNIVES, SICKLES, ARROW-POINTS, LANCE-HEADS, AND AN AXE.



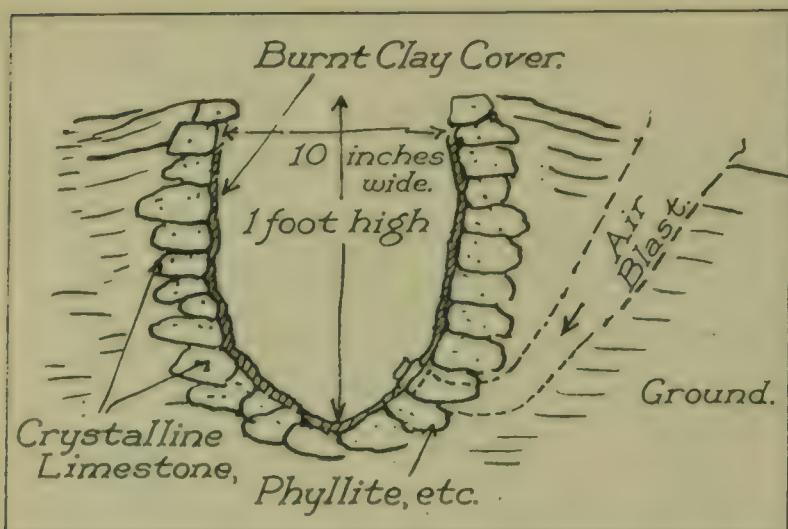
3. (BELOW) TWO SPECIMENS OF THE EARLIEST IRON—A RING-COIN AND A CLUMSY NEEDLE, OR AWL: (ABOVE) BRONZE IMPLEMENTS OF THE PRE-IRON EPOCH (1300-1100 B.C.)



*Continued.*

use of iron. In fact, Dr. Von Bandat discovered last summer a prehistoric iron mine. . . . Geological considerations suggest that the shaft must have touched iron at a depth of 200 feet! Prehistoric iron mines are almost unknown in Europe." The above photographs illustrate many of the most striking objects found at Velem, including some of the first known European iron-founding implements and casting moulds, with their products, as well as

numerous examples of the earlier work in bronze, some of it—especially the personal ornaments—being of wonderfully delicate workmanship. Of particular interest are the sickles and iron rings used in early times as money. Another notable feature of the Velem metal industry is the evidence of its widespread relations with other countries, indicated by products bearing characteristics of prehistoric work found in Bosnia, Silesia, Italy, and even Scandinavia.



A SECTIONAL DIAGRAM OF A FURNACE AT THE PREHISTORIC IRON MINE AT VELEM.

VELEM, a little village lying on the slopes of the Kösseg-Rechnitz Mountains, in Western Hungary, near the Austrian border, has been for a long time a well-known site for prehistoric bronze implements. It is related that, in the 'fifties of last century, peasants sold remarkable quantities of bronze implements to a bell-founder at Kösseg. Scientific excavations were begun there some time in the 'eighties. During the last fifty years several diggings have taken place on the steep hill of St. Vid, to the west of Velem. The "finds" made at this site are now mostly in the Museum of Szombathely, in Hungary. Baron Koloman F. von Miske, a noted Hungarian archeologist, director of the above-mentioned museum, and the leading expert on Velem St. Vid, discovered several years ago undoubted traces of prehistoric bronze and iron furnaces, extremely rare in Europe. He continued excavations last summer, with the assistance of Dr. F. von Bandat, the well-known geologist and archeologist of the University of Budapest. These recent excavations, and the geological researches in connection with them, have proved the following facts.

Velem St. Vid, owing to its abundance of several minerals—such as antimony, manganese ore, iron (siderite), and a certain amount of copper—was not only a centre of prehistoric ore-smelting and manufacturing, but also of mining. It seems that the presence of antimony in particular caused the development of a comparatively great bronze industry. Bronze is an alloy of tin and copper, and tin, a very rare metal, can be replaced by antimony. Prehistoric man

## EUROPE'S OLDEST IRON MINE?

DISCOVERIES OF EXTRAORDINARY INTEREST ON A PREHISTORIC SITE IN HUNGARY.

An Account of Excavations Conducted by BARON VON MISKE and Dr. VON BANDAT, Assistant Geologist at the University of Budapest.

This remarkable continuity gives Velem an extraordinarily important place not only in the history of the prehistoric population of Hungary, but in archaeological researches concerning the early civilisation of man. Baron von Miske believes that Velem contains the earliest samples of iron in Europe. It seems possible that the presence of several ores there, in connection with the well-developed bronze industry, led to the first use of iron.

In fact, Dr. von Bandat has discovered a prehistoric iron mine, where iron carbonate (siderite) was dug.

found at Velem are the oldest iron known in Europe, and, considering the highly developed ore industry, were probably manufactured on the spot. Clumsy iron needles, as well as awls of a better kind, were made at this time, the first iron tools used by man.

In the later Hallstatt period, or during the first Iron Age and afterwards, Velem St. Vid must have become a centre of trade. It is of special interest that the population, which was probably Celtic, manufactured not only bronze implements of Pannonian type, but also implements of a kind used in several other parts of Europe.

This widespread trade is proved by types of Italian, Bosnian, Swiss, Silesian, and even Scandinavian bronze objects, mostly of an ornamental character. The extraordinarily large number of broken bronze objects found at Velem shows that changes on a great scale must have taken place. This broken material, purchased in every part of Europe, was melted down again or mixed with antimony and cast afresh.

Unfortunately, not a single grave has so far been discovered. In view of the world-famous discoveries at Hallstatt, made in the last century, it seems likely that the prehistoric cemetery of Velem must be very rich in interesting relics of the past; but the burial-places of these ancient traders are still hidden among mountains covered with dense forests. Possibly, at some future time, further research may reveal some of their graves, and the contents may throw light on the men who conducted these remarkable mining operations so many centuries ago, in the days before the dawn of history.



RELICS OF A PREHISTORIC IRON MINE DISCOVERED IN HUNGARY: OBJECTS FOUND AT VELEM ST. VID.

The figures indicate—(1) A blast-pipe found in a furnace of the pre-Iron Age (1300-1100 B.C.) (2a) a blast-pipe embedded in slag; (2b) a blast-pipe free from slag (c. 200-100 B.C.); (3 to 6) iron slags from a La Tène period stratum—3 to 5 being fresh-furnace slag, and 6. a high-furnace slag (c. 300 to 50 B.C.); (7) an iron ring of the second Iron Age (c. 200-100 B.C.); (8) a fire-hammer of the later La Tène period (c. 150-50 B.C.).

This mine, a round-shaped, crater-like hole, forty feet in diameter and eighteen feet deep, contained pieces of iron ore in quartzite, and pottery of the earlier Hallstatt period, several bones of animals (remains of meals), and round stones or lumps of quartzite, used to pound the mineral after it had been made brittle in fire. The excavators could not reach the bottom of the mine, but geological considerations suggest that the shaft must have touched iron at a depth of about 200 feet! Prehistoric iron mines are almost unknown in Europe, and therefore the discovery is one of very remarkable interest.

In ancient times the rocks were blasted with the aid of fire and cold water, and the prehistoric miner worked with bronze or iron tools. The mineral was pounded on flat stones, and separated from the quartzite. Then it went to the furnaces. These were situated about 100 feet lower down on the hillside. Here considerable traces of bronze and iron furnaces were found. Residues of melted antimony, bronze, and cast-iron, pieces of furnace blast-pipes made of graphitic clay, iron dross, and circular, egg-shaped stones surrounded ore-melting and reducing places a foot deep.

All this represented prehistoric iron furnaces of the Hallstatt epoch. There must have been a good deal of difficulty in reducing iron, because two furnaces were found destroyed owing to a mishap in the melting process. The iron furnaces possessed two blasts, because the melting and reduction of iron requires a higher temperature than is needed for bronze, antimony, or copper.

The first appearance of iron (see "Voreisenzeit-schicht," by Baron von Miske) is associated with a quite different and earlier type of bronze implements and pottery than is the early Hallstatt period. This proves that the clumsy iron rings (used as money)



A LARGE FURNACE BLAST-PIPE (CENTRE) MADE OF GRAPHITIC CLAY; WITH SAMPLES (ABOVE) OF CRUDE ANTIMONY ORE AND MELTED REFINED METAL; AND (BELOW) PIECES OF COPPER MINERAL FOUND AT THE FURNACES.

learned this fact very soon, and manufactured some of his bronze implements with antimony instead of tin mixed with the copper.

Earlier excavations showed that the site of Velem contains contiguous layers from the Neolithic period up to Roman times, including the Copper and Bronze Age, with an especially rich development of the so-called "Pre-Iron Age," a connecting link between the Bronze and the Iron Age (1300-1100 B.C.), the early and late Hallstatt periods (from 1100-800 and 800-450 B.C. respectively), and the La Tène period (fifth to second century B.C.).

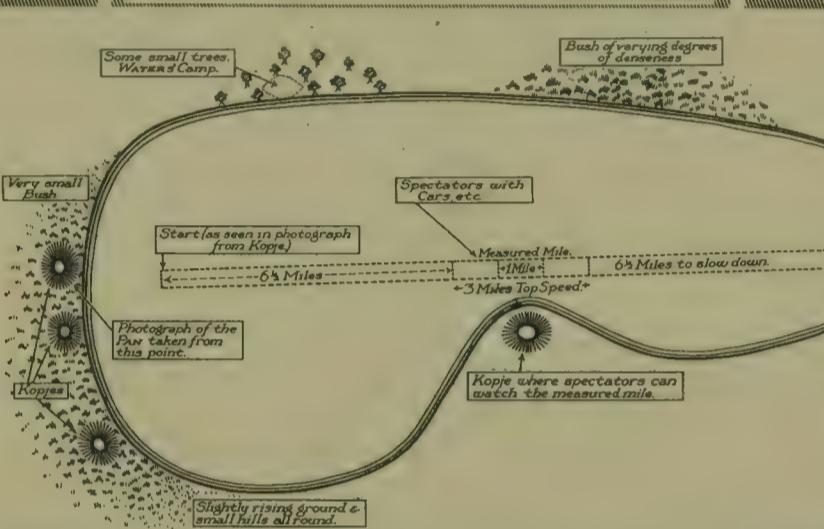


ROUGH TOOLS JUST AFTER THE CASTING PROCESS: UNPOLISHED AXES FOUND ON THE PREHISTORIC IRON MINE AT VELEM, IN HUNGARY.

## A MOTOR SPEEDWAY AMONG MIRAGES: THE "BLUE BIRD'S" TRACK.



WITH A MIRAGE ON THE HORIZON PRODUCING AN EFFECT OF LAKES AND ISLANDS: A SIDE VIEW OF VERNEUK PAN, IN SOUTH AFRICA, WHERE CAPTAIN MALCOLM CAMPBELL ARRANGED TO ATTEMPT A NEW WORLD'S SPEED RECORD IN HIS RACING CAR, "BLUE BIRD."



A VAST NATURAL "BROOKLANDS" IN SOUTH AFRICA: A MAP OF VERNEUK PAN, WITH ITS 16-MILE SPEED TRACK FOR CAPTAIN CAMPBELL'S WORLD-RECORD ATTEMPT.

SHOWING THE START OF THE PREPARED SPEED TRACK (CENTRE) AND A MOTOR-CAR (LEFT FOREGROUND) WHOSE SIZE INDICATES THE VAST EXTENT OF THE VERNEUK PAN, WITH A MIRAGE.



PREPARING THE SPEEDWAY FOR CAPTAIN CAMPBELL'S WORLD RECORD ATTEMPT: A GANG OF NATIVE LABOURERS SWEEPING THE SURFACE OF THE TRACK ON VERNEUK PAN.



A TRACTOR DRAWING A MOTOR-ROAD GRADER ALONG THE SPEEDWAY TO SCRAPE OFF PATCHES OF SMALL STONES: ANOTHER METHOD OF PREPARING THE TRACK.



LIKE A "GIGANTIC JIG-SAW PUZZLE": PART OF THE SUN-BAKED SURFACE OF VERNEUK PAN, WITH A MATCH-BOX (CENTRE FOREGROUND) SHOWING THE SIZE OF THE CRACKS, WHICH CLOSE WHEN SPRINKLED WITH WATER.

The place chosen by Captain Malcolm Campbell for his new attempt on the world's land speed record, in his racing car, "Blue Bird," is the flat bed of a shallow lake, long since dried up, in a barren tract of country in South Africa known as Bushmanland, 400 miles north of Capetown. The lake-bed is thirty miles long and three miles wide, surrounded by low kopjes. It is called Verneuk Pan. The Afrikans word "verneuk" means "cheating," and the name refers to the deceptive effects of the mirages that produce an optical illusion of islands and lakes on the horizon. More than one pioneer is said to have lost his life through these

mirages, in attempting to cross the Pan, and wandering round and round until he died of thirst. The clay surface is cracked all over by the heat of the sun, but when sprinkled with water, the cracks close and the surface becomes perfectly smooth. The special track made for Captain Campbell's attempt was prepared by motor-road graders and rollers, and gangs of native sweepers. It is considered the finest racing track in the British Empire, and a rival to Daytona Beach in Florida. On February 25 Captain Campbell was reported to have crashed in an aeroplane in N.W. Cape Province, but to have escaped unhurt.

# THE EMPEROR WHO WAS BEHIND HIS TIMES.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF  
TWO BIOGRAPHIES OF FRANCIS JOSEPH—By JOSEPH REDLICH and by EUGENE BAGGER.\*

(THE FORMER PUBLISHED BY MACMILLAN; THE LATTER, BY PUTNAM.)

NEARLY a year ago Mr. Eugene Bagger's "Francis Joseph" was published for the satisfaction of those to whom "the last of the Caesars" meant more than the pathetic figure of an old, old gentleman in uniform bent under a load of trouble, and for the delectation of those to whom the Habsburg of Habsburgs was the symbol of a Court life whose like will not be seen again.

Now we have Mr. Redlich's contribution to the memoir-history of a ruler whose "prodigious span" of monarchy covers, as Mr. Bagger has it, "a period exceeded in European annals by the reign of Louis XIV. alone, and stretching

shift in world power that went on during the century between the Congress of Vienna and the Treaty of Versailles."

In that attitude he is unswerving. As a result, his biography is both personal and impersonal; the saga of that complete autocrat, the Emperor who was behind his Times, as well as of the actions and reactions consequent upon his innate belief in the Divine Right. And never, perhaps, was an Anointed more assured of his allotted place in the universe. Heredity and upbringing accounted for his every characteristic; never did he free himself from their trammels. Probably it never occurred to him to attempt to cut his bonds. Rigidly, rightly according to his lights, he ruled: that was enough. He had been given to the world for that purpose; the world must accept him.

Mr. Redlich sums him up: "Guardian of an ancient line, inheritor and defender of rights that date far back into mediæval times, natural foe of the modern struggle to transform Europe into a series of closed national states, Francis Joseph assumed and maintained for sixty years a position in the Europe that the war destroyed to which that of no other sovereign affords an analogue. What makes him all the more impressive is that there was in him, as in no other European monarch of the past century, a perfect correspondence between the man and his work."

Nothing could be truer than that. It was just that "perfect correspondence" that made the Emperor and the King a titan and a pygmy; it was so perfect that it was as impenetrable as steel by a skewer; so perfect that there was no understanding between the monarch and that ever-growing, ever-menacing "They," the people. At the Court there was the unbending Spanish ceremonial. In the field the Emperor was the War Lord. In all civilian—and "vegetative"—matters the Emperor was the final Court of Appeal. Etiquette and the aristocracy were all-potent. The "second society": they were in touch with the new middle class. The Court knew them as little as they did the more passive underlings.

In a word, the Emperor was completely out of touch with those whose fates he controlled; naturally out of touch, not intentionally. It was the custom: to custom one bows the knee. Hence, it need hardly be said, the majority of the troubles that heaped themselves about "Franzi" from the days of his youthful decade of autocracy to the years of doubts, dualism, and sham constitutionalism. "Autocracy accustomed the Emperor to regard his people as objects of Government."

And govern them he did, patriarchally and precisely; but he could vision only the past and see only the present: to the future he was blind. That revolt should raise its head overtly and covertly; that the several parts of his many-nationed, ramshackle realm should creak and groan and threaten to fall apart was inevitable. It was equally inevitable that he, as God-appointed "landlord," should envy neighbours and find his tenants contumacious and, when possible, treat them as the disobedient children he considered them to be. That he reigned so long is proof of the conservatism of even the most liberal; of the strength of that spell that is called use; even more, perhaps, of the resignation and the forbearance that come with the knowledge that a leader is doing his best—even if that best is by no means agreeable to all!

For, if there is one thing that can be said with certainty, it is that Francis Joseph was no selfish slattern willing to be kept in idleness. He was, in fact, a slave to the duties of his office. "The day-to-day work of the giant machine that the Emperor Francis had wound up went on like a clock" is no empty phrase. The Emperor preferred "functional creatures." He could issue all the orders. It was for the rest to obey. Obviously, he did not spare himself. The fastenings of the "administrative strait waistcoat" had to be watched, lest they loosen. He laboured early and late, his sole real recreation an occasional "chase." An efficiency expert of to-day would have found him a master and a pupil. System was his fetish; and the cause of some, at all events, of his failures, including that of his marriage and his parenthood.

Peter von Meyendorff was one of the many to recognise this. In June 1854, before the breach between the Tsar and the Emperor, he wrote to Nesselrode: "The only possible explanation of the young Emperor's behaviour is that he has made it a rule to take nobody's advice and listen to nobody. If Buol brings him a diplomatic note, all he says is: 'Is what you have written exactly in line with what we did before?' Buol says, 'Yes,' and the Emperor signs. The most varying influences simply slide off him, as off marble. The fact that Buol is attacked, as he is, actually strengthens his position. There seems to be a curse from heaven on this Habsburg race. The only one among them who has the stuff in him to make a ruler is blinded by his self-will and the foolish assumption that he can judge and decide everything entirely by himself. That is why the prestige he had has vanished."

The last sentence was, of course, the exaggeration of a thwarted Ambassador; but, as a whole, the tone of the note was warranted. "Slide off him, as off marble": the

expression was apt. For frozen politeness and glacial stubbornness, Francis Joseph was renowned.

With all this, the Emperor was as much a contradiction as the mass of those less highly born! As has been said, he was both immovable autocrat and kindly, if aloof, reigning father. He was the Robot and he could be human. He was unimaginative, simple, matter-of-fact, sincere; yet a worshipper of "quarterings." He could love ardently—he adored the young Empress—but when he announced his engagement in a letter to the Tsar he combined business with pleasure! He was essentially a militarist, in the sense that his Army was paramount with him; but he was a pacifist always. He was pig-headed, proud, reserved; his decisions were often "ex-abrupto"; he was the God-driven machine; but he had charm, and he had courage.

His purely personal triumph lay in the fact that "actually, he remained victorious over the new age. It was not till two years after his death that the Empire and the Imperial idea, for whose maintenance alone he had borne the heat and burden of his long life, collapsed completely. The tragedy of his nature and of his destiny was only to be posthumously revealed in all its fulness. To the end, he stood faithful to himself and to the one idea that, for him, had any real existence."

He was the last monarch of the Old School—he himself told President Roosevelt so, smilingly—and to the last he carried himself as such. He may not have been a man of mark—most will agree with Mr. Redlich that "whether as man or ruler, he falls far short of being an embodiment of human greatness"—but he believed that a duty had been entrusted to him and that duty he did. He never surrendered willingly, seldom unconditionally. He acted typically when Lombardy was lost: "Precipitately had Francis Joseph brought about the war which cost him the



THE BRIDE OF THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH: PRINCESS ELISABETH OF BAVARIA AT THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN.

Reproduction from "Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria," by Joseph Redlich, by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Macmillan.

across the administrations of seventeen out of twenty-eight Presidents of the United States."

Each work supplements the other. Which is the gem, which the foil, must be left to the judgment of the individual: what is the precious stone to one will be metallic leaf to the other. Here it will suffice to say that Mr. Bagger makes rather more popular, more definitely domestic, appeal. Wisely and truly, he urges: "Those who . . . approach this book with mouths watering in anticipation of the Chinese eggs of freshly exhumed scandal are bound for disappointment. . . . This is a book of interpretation, not of disclosures." But, for all that, he does not, and cannot well, ignore that lack of sympathy between the Emperor and his wife which sent the Empress wandering; nor the consoling existence of Catherine Schratt; nor that supreme tragedy the suicide of the Crown Prince Rudolf with Mary Vetsera. And there is at least one moment when, in a determination to depict arrestingly as well as faithfully, he overstresses the naturalistic: witness his last few sentences concerning "the first reform under the reign of Charles the Last," a medical episode that might well have remained at rest in the vault of the Capuchin Fathers. Otherwise, he is content to force the patent point that, after the death of Schwarzenberg, and during the waning of his imperious, "only man" mother's powers, the Emperor was Austria, and, as far as Magyars and reformers permitted, Hungary; a ruler paternal and absolute. Broadly, very broadly, it may be said that his manner is that of Ludwig. He is the teller of a historic tale.

Mr. Redlich is different. He is more strictly the historian, although he, also, of course, cannot divorce man and events. His attitude towards his subject is expressed in his Introduction. "The life of Emperor Francis Joseph can only be understood in close connection with the political transformation of Europe, and the progressive

\* "Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria." By Joseph Redlich. (Macmillan and Co.; 21s. net.)

"Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary." By Eugene Bagger. (G. P. Putnam's Sons; 21s. net.)



AT THE TIME OF HIS ACCESSION: THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH AT THE AGE OF EIGHTEEN.

Reproduction from "Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria," by Joseph Redlich, by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Macmillan.

Kingdom of the Iron Crown . . . precipitately he concluded peace—on terms, however, that included the proviso that he kept, for his lifetime, the right to give the Order of the Iron Crown. The Kings of the House of Savoy had to wait nearly sixty years to acquire a right so dear to the hearts of monarchs!" Childish, it seems; but how significant!

Both Mr. Bagger's book and that by Mr. Redlich should be read; and, I would suggest, in that sequence. The well-oxygenated air of the one will assist those bent on ascending into the rarer atmosphere of the other. E. H. G.

## THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



FURNITURE DESIGNED BY H.M. THE QUEEN, AND MADE BY DISABLED MEN. One of the many unusually interesting exhibits at the British Industries Fair at the White City, Shepherd's Bush, which closed on Friday, March 1, was a suite of bedroom furniture, consisting of eleven pieces, designed by the Queen and destined for Windsor Castle. This is blue-lacquered, and has decoration in the Chinese manner, based on

*[Continued opposite.]*



TWO OF THE ELEVEN PIECES DESIGNED BY THE QUEEN FOR WINDSOR CASTLE. famous examples in museums and private collections, and carried out by ex-soldier artists. The whole of the process of manufacture was done by disabled ex-Service men employed at the Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops at Fulham. The wood is British, being from mahogany from British Honduras.



FILLING-UP A "MOTH" WITH PETROL PRODUCED FROM BRITISH COAL.

On February 2, a series of tests was made in aeroplane engines of petrol produced from British coal. Unluckily, bad visibility prevented flying, but the engines concerned were started from cold with the new fuel. Miss W. E. Spooner, the well-known racing airwoman, is here seen filling-up her "Moth." Lord Thomson, who is Chairman of the Royal Aero Club, and was Secretary of State for Air in the Labour Government, was amongst those present.



A 6-FOOT-8 "ROYAL" STURGEON LANDED AT ABERDEEN AND SOLD FOR £5. This sturgeon, which weighed seven stone six pounds, was landed at Aberdeen by the steam trawler "Hunter," and was sold to a local fishmonger for £5. Of the sturgeon and the whale, the "Century" says: "Regal or royal fishes, whales and sturgeons: so called from an enactment of Edward II. that when thrown ashore or caught on the British coasts they can be claimed as the property of the sovereign."



THE PRINCE'S HORSES LEAVING CRAVEN LODGE TO BE AUCTIONED.

As we noted last week, when giving pictures of some of his Royal Highness's hunters, the Prince of Wales is giving up hunting and point-to-point racing, for a while at all events, and twelve of his hunters were sold by auction at the Repository, Leicester, on February 23. They fetched 3997 guineas. The highest prices were 700 guineas for Miss Muffit, and 650 guineas for Kind Knight.



THE PRINCE ARRIVING AT THE LEICESTER SALE-ROOM—THE EXCITED CROWD.

The lowest price was 52 guineas for Blackbird. Miss Muffit won the Royal Naval Hunt Cup and the Seaford Highlanders' Regimental Race last season. Bidding for her opened at 400 guineas. The Prince attended the sale, and watched it from the office behind the auctioneer's rostrum. Some three thousand people sought admission, but only about three hundred could find room.

## "CUPID'S DARTS," LETHAL WEAPONS, OR WITCHCRAFT? MINIATURE BUSHMAN BOW-AND-ARROW OUTFITS.



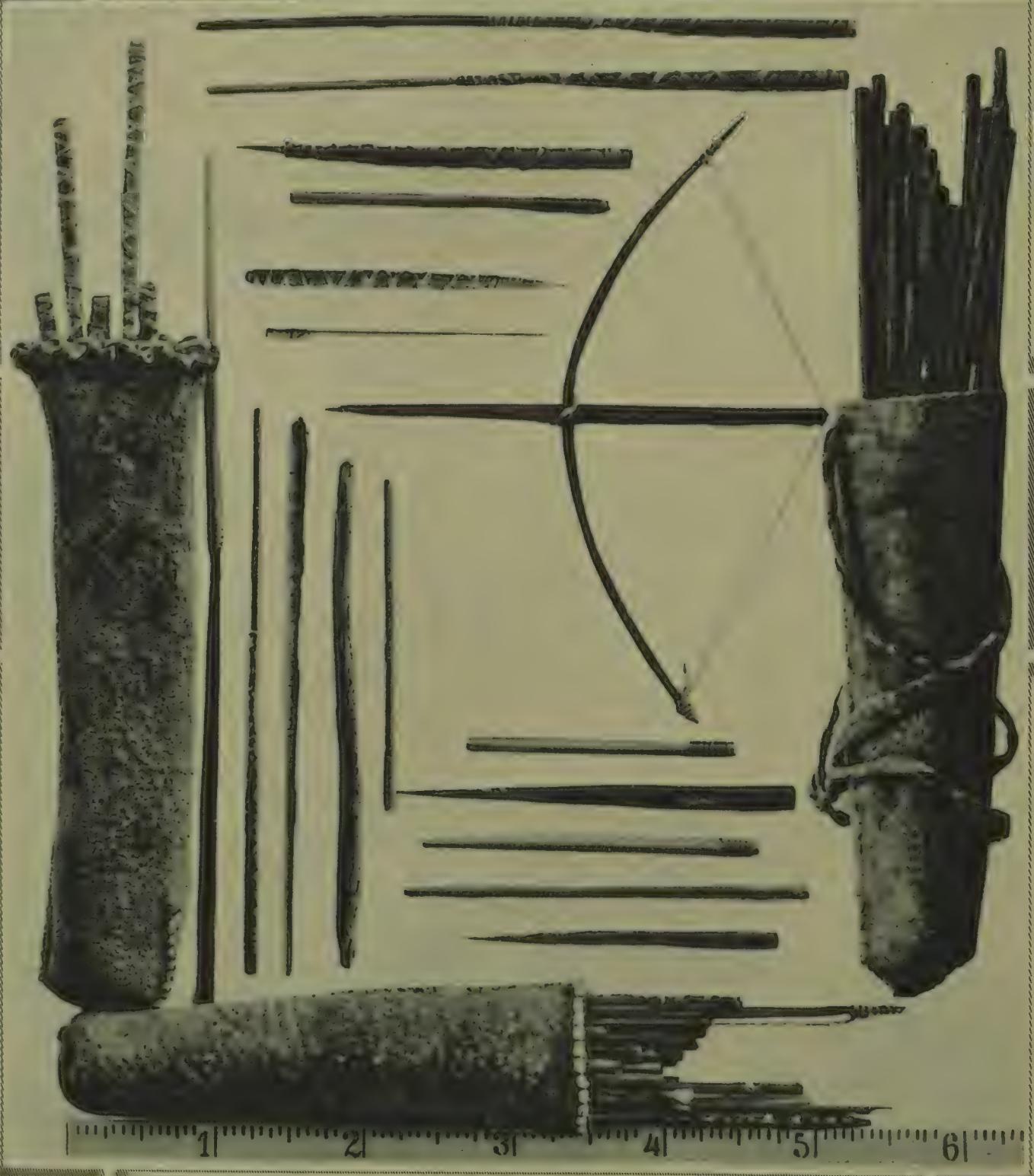
MEN OF THE PIGMY RACE THAT PRODUCED THE MINIATURE BOW AND ARROWS SHOWN BELOW: TYPICAL BUSHMAN ARTISTS PAINTING ON ROCK WALLS; AND THEIR WEAPONS.

"A remarkable relic of the vanishing race of South African Pygmy Bushmen," writes Mr. F. W. FitzSimons, "is on exhibition in the Ethnological Collection of the Museum at Port Elizabeth. It is, in effect, a complete miniature bow-and-arrow outfit. The quiver is of soft prepared animal skin neatly stitched with the split sinew of a wild animal. The quiver contains fifty arrows and a bow, all fashioned from Gemsbok horn. The bow is 4½ inches long with a thong of sinew. The arrows vary in length from 2 to 4 inches. The point of each arrow is inserted into the hollowed end of a tough stem of a grass-like plant bound with very fine animal sinew to safeguard it against splitting open. This beautiful little outfit is perfect in every detail.

[Continued in Box 2.]



WITH THEIR BOW-AND-ARROW OUTFITS (CONTAINING 20 TO 30 POISONED ARROWS) BESIDE THEM: TWO OLD CAPE BUSHMEN—ONE SMOKING WILD HEMP



THREE MINIATURE BUSHMAN BOW-AND-ARROW OUTFITS (ACTUAL SIZE): RARE RELICS OF MYSTERIOUS CRAFT, VARIOUSLY EXPLAINED AS FOR PURPOSES OF LOVE, MURDER, WITCHCRAFT, OR ANIMAL BLOOD-LETTING.

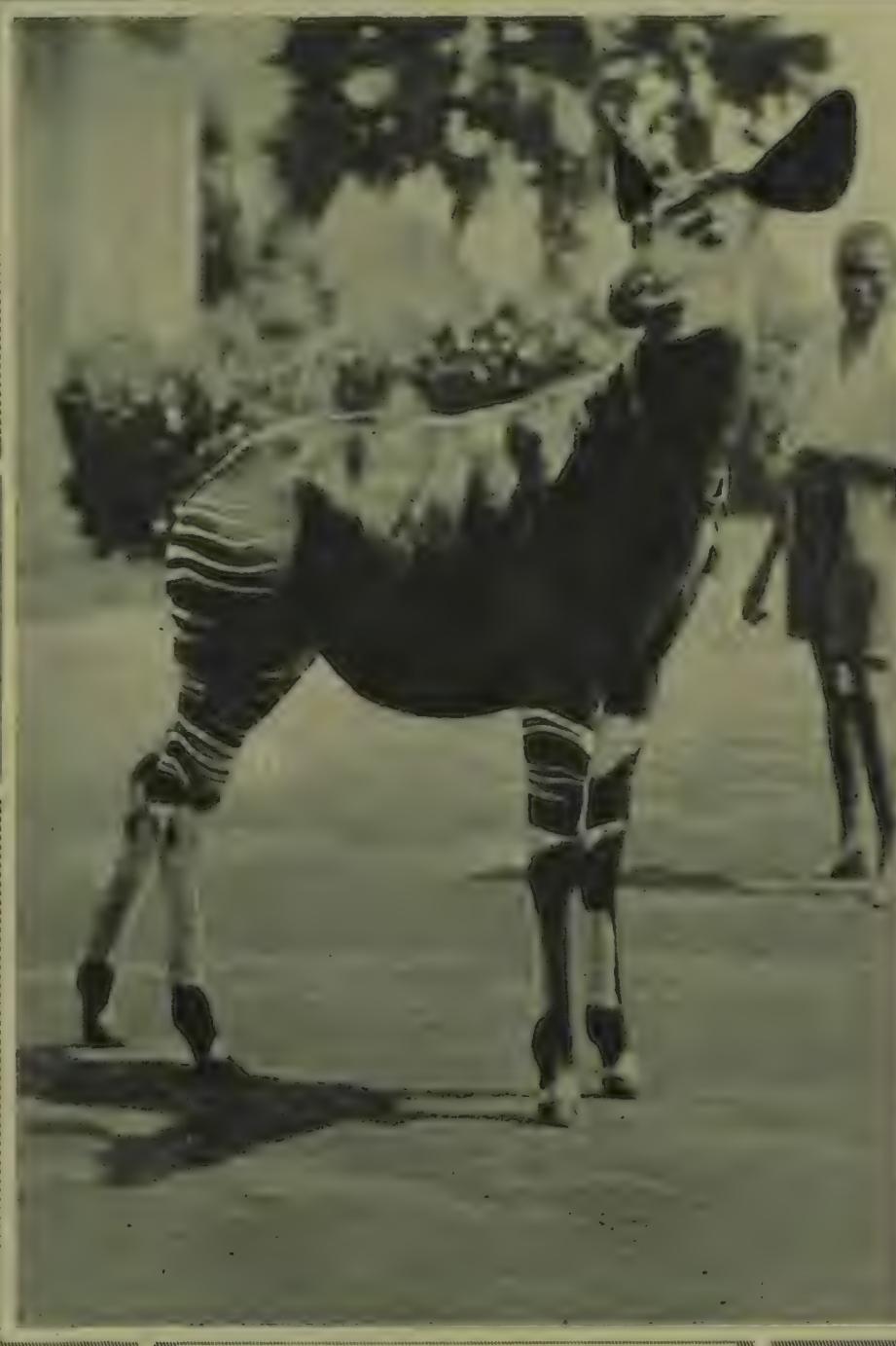
and it is abundantly evident that the maker lavished all the skill at his command on its manufacture. It bore a label, "A Bushman love bow and arrows," and the belief was that, when a young Bushman, courting a desirable girl, succeeded, unknown to her, in shooting a tiny arrow into some part of her anatomy, it would cause her to love him. Some ethnologists to whom the outfit was submitted described it as a Bushboy's plaything, analogous to a child's toy gun. But the excellence of the work expended upon it, and the fineness of the finish of every detail of it, did not incline one to accept this as being a reasonable explanation. Later a noted scientist, who had studied the Bushmen of the Kalahari, made the deliberate statement that the purpose of this little outfit was a most deadly one. Smearing a potent poison on the tip of one of the arrows, a Bushman, intent upon murdering a rival, in a way both secret and effective, stole silently upon his victim while the latter slept. Then, holding the point of the arrow almost within touching distance of the sleeping man's ear, he discharged it into the orifice. . . . Recently, Mr. G. Soubring, a Hollander, arrived in Port Elizabeth. For the past four years he has been travelling through Africa on foot . . . to study native races. . . . He says that around Lake Chad, Bushman witch-doctors use these outfits in smelling-out an evil-doer. Some misfortune occurs, and the witch-doctor's advice is sought. He pronounces it to be a

[Continued below.]

*Continued.*  
deed of witchcraft; and the man who has made the bad magic must be found and slain. The men of the tribe are assembled, and, after incantations and weird performances, the witch doctor discharges an arrow from the Lilliputian bow into each in turn. One arrow is poisoned, and the man shot with it collapses and dies. . . . Another of these miniature arrow outfits in my possession was acquired from the dead body of a Bushman in South West Africa. They are known as 'Bushman pistols,' because the arrows are shot at short range. The

Bushman steals up to his sleeping victim and discharges the tiny poisoned arrow into his face or neck. . . . Mr. J. van Heerden, who lived many years with the Masai and allied tribes of cattle-owning and blood-drinking natives, says that men analogous to veterinary surgeons use such outfits for blood-letting. A beast is caught and its neck ligatured. The operator discharges an arrow into the largest vein, and plucks it out. A gourd is held to catch the blood, which is drunk before it coagulates. The ligature is removed, and the bleeding stopped by clay."

**A LIVING OKAPI IN EUROPE:  
THE SECOND ATTEMPT TO ACCLIMATISE THIS  
RAREST OF AFRICAN ANIMALS.**



A FULL-GROWN OKAPI, SAID TO HAVE BEEN PRESENTED TO THE KING OF THE BELGIANS DURING HIS VISIT TO THE CONGO: A RARE SPECIES (RELATED TO THE ZEBRA AND THE ANTELOPE) WHOSE EXISTENCE HAS BEEN KNOWN ONLY OF RECENT YEARS.



PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS WHEN SHE VISITED BUTA, AND NOW IN EUROPE: A YOUNG OKAPI CAPTURED IN THE BELGIAN CONGO.



The first attempt to keep a living okapi in captivity in Europe was made in 1919, when a specimen from the Belgian Congo was placed in the "Zoo" at Antwerp, but it survived only for about two months. "Now," says a French writer, "ten years later, a second attempt to rear and acclimatise an okapi promises at last to succeed, thanks to the efforts of Brother Joseph, of the Catholic Mission at Buta, already known for his admirable work in the training of the African elephant for agriculture. The okapi in question (here illustrated) seems destined to live long. It was presented to Queen Elisabeth of the Belgians on her visit to Buta (last year), and was brought to Europe by its former master himself. Up to the end of 1927 it was fed with milk from a feeding-bottle, but has since lived on bananas and European vegetables grown in the Congo. The young creature, which is now in its third year, is wonderfully well and a credit to its royal 'godmother.' Needless to say, its career is being closely watched by the scientific world." The history of the okapi has been very fully recorded in "The Illustrated London News." When illustrating (in our issue) of August 30, 1919) the short-lived specimen mentioned above as having been brought to Antwerp in that year, we wrote as follows: "The arrival of a living okapi in Europe is an event of the deepest interest to naturalists, for this rare denizen of the Congo forest was only discovered (by Sir Harry Johnston) in 1900, and for a long time was never even seen alive by Europeans. The specimen was recently brought over by Dr. Georges Lebrun, Belgian Administrator in the Congo. . . . In our issue of August 3, 1907, we published the first illustration of okapis, from dead specimens brought home by Major Powell-Cotton and Lieut. Boyd Alexander, and set up by Mr. Rowland Ward. . . . In our issue of September 7, 1907, we published the first photograph ever taken of a living okapi, together with an article on the subject by Sir Ray Lankester." Referring to the illusion that the okapi is a hybrid—a cross between zebra and antelope—he said: "As a matter of fact, no hybrids are known to occur at all among terrestrial animals in a state of nature. Hybrids are only produced under the management and interference of man."

FEEDING THE LITTLE OKAPI PRESENTED TO QUEEN ELISABETH: THE ANIMAL WITH ITS FORMER MASTER, BROTHER JOSEPH HUTSEBAUT, OF THE CATHOLIC MISSION AT BUTA, WHO REARED IT.

# BOOKS OF THE DAY.

AS a rule I avoid that national vice—talking about the weather—especially in print, as it is apt to change while the type is being set, and spoil the point of one's remarks. Nor do I wish to intensify any further severe "depressions" that may emanate from Iceland or the North Pole. There are times, however, when the weather obtrudes itself upon one's notice, and our recent "cold wave" led me to speculate as to which extreme of temperature is the more bearable. When it is very hot, I long for frost and snow; but when I get them to excess, I dream of summer suns. With such thoughts running in my head, while old Hiems, with his "thin and icy crown," held sway over the land, I had a fancy to extract some vicarious warmth from a batch of travel books that take the reader into tropical or desert climes.

First, I shipped myself a long way "east of Suez" in "BUSH-WHACKING" And Other Asiatic Tales and Memories. By Sir Hugh Clifford, G.C.M.G., G.B.E., of the Malayan Civil Service (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.). In this class of literature it is the best book I can remember—a book born of long and deep experience, pulsing with reality, instinct with sympathy and understanding, and strong in descriptive power. Though writing in a semi-fictional form, the author has obviously drawn upon the rich store of his own memories. Sir Hugh Clifford, who is now Governor of the Straits Settlements, first joined the Malayan Civil Service in 1883, and it was in those early days that he passed through adventures such as are here related. In 1887 he went on a political mission to the Sultan of Pahang, and in 1892 he took part in the suppression of the Pahang Rebellion.

In his pages, I did not have to search far for passages conveying "the genial heat of Nature." Thus, we read of "The heat—the restless, breathless, maddening heat of the Red Sea"; and again: "In the Ditch we had merciless, blazing sunshine beating down upon us, through which the distant sand-dunes took to themselves the likeness of snow-covered Alps." That is how an Eastern climate strikes a Westerner. The converse is presented in an amusing account of the impressions produced on Malayan dignitaries visiting England. "The blighting rigours of our English June," we read, "nipped them to the bone. Cowering over the fire in rooms the windows of which were kept closely shut, they declared, through chattering teeth, that cold weather was a propitious omen in times of great state functions, giving as their reason that, while coolness and all that is refreshing have their origin in Heaven, heat derives its glow from the fires of the Terrible Place—wherefore it was plain that Heaven was blessing the inauguration of King Edward's reign."

Tragedy and humour jostle each other in Sir Hugh's chapters on those "border scrimmages" which are not dignified by the name of war, but provide the bush-whacker with just as good opportunities to get killed as would a "second Waterloo," and are, moreover, heart-breaking to the political agent who "loves the folk against whom he is warring." And here is a poignant glimpse into the uses of literature under such conditions. "There is no light in camp save where the political officer lies reading a book. It is Anthony Hope's 'Mr. Witt's Widow,' and the wit, the frivolity . . . come as a delight. . . . sharp contrasts with the realities close at hand. . . . the groans of the wounded men in the stockade, the grunts of the sleeping coolies, the weird cries from out the forest, the tramp of sentries' feet. . . . The book can never be for him the comedy conceived by its author."

Eight more works about hot countries figure on my list, and in the space available I cannot do more than "warm both hands before the fire of life" as therein presented. A volume of great importance, in view of its author's high repute, and of the present situation on the Iraq border, is "ARABIA OF THE WAHABIS." By H. St. J. B. Philby, C.I.E., F.R.G.S., formerly Adviser to the Ministry of the Interior, Iraq, and Chief British Representative in Trans-Jordan, author of "The Heart of Arabia." Illustrated (Constable; 31s. 6d.). Here the author records the last four months (in 1918) of his war-time mission to Ibn Sa'oud, then Emir of Najd, in a land that was still the "Arabia Deserta" of Doughty's famous work, but just beginning to be

transformed by the motor-car and the aeroplane into something very different. Mr. Philby may be said to have painted the last literary picture of Arabia as Doughty knew it.

It is a long book, which owes its absorbing interest rather to a multiplicity of detail than to any coruscations of style, and deals little in humour, but it gives a comprehensive view of Arabian life and the political portents of the time. As to "atmospherics," here is a typical passage: "That night Dr. 'Abdullah and I slept out on the roof. . . . But the six-foot wall round the roof kept the breeze off an enclosure which had been baked all day by the sun, and the stuffiness of the atmosphere made it impossible to sleep. Then the dawn *Adhan* woke me from an uneasy slumber and, dozing again, I was roused by the gazelles. . . . later the sun, creeping over the parapet, forced me to flight."

There is an interesting link between "A Saharan Venture" and the next book on my list—"FROM THE IVORY COAST TO THE CAMEROONS." By Alexander Jacob Reynolds. Illustrated (Knopf; 12s. 6d.), a picturesque story of pre-war adventures in West Africa, culminating in the campaign against the Germans. Describing a visit to Las Palmas, in the Canaries, on the voyage out, the author writes: "All around is fine sand collected in silted heaps. It was blown from the great Sahara Desert, only 70 to 100 miles away, and has been collecting for ages; when the mistral blows across the islands, it is caught up in spirals and blown for miles out to sea." In this book also there is plenty of tropical heat, both in nature and humanity. Mr. Reynolds depicts in vivid and glowing colours the luxuriance of an exotic land and the primitive passions of its people. Passages of great descriptive beauty are mingled with a frank record of many things that are sinister and vile.

An instance of excessive heat apparently affecting the administration of justice occurs in "THE EGYPTIAN ENIGMA, 1890-1928." By J. E. Marshall, late Judge in the Egyptian Court of Appeal (Murray; 10s. 6d.), a valuable contribution to the study of a perennial problem of vital concern to the British Empire. The passage in question is dated to a time after the Boer War, and has reference to the famous Denshawai trial. "Some British officers (we read), who had unwittingly shot some pigeons belonging to the villagers of Denshawai, were assaulted, and, to the utter amazement and astonishment of the civilised world, four natives were hanged and others flogged and sentenced to various terms of penal servitude. . . . The weather at the time was terrifically hot, and the Court had to sit in a tent. . . . It was the subject of a most acrimonious debate in the House of Commons. . . . The affair unfortunately had far-reaching results. It was the plank on which the Nationalist movement was founded."

The other extremity of the no longer "dark," but still warm, continent has produced a book of inspiring interest to agriculturists and prospective settlers in South Africa—namely, "THE CALL OF THE VELD." By Leonard Flemming. Illustrated (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.). The author is a shining exception to the proverbial grumbling of farmers. I have never read a book animated by a more buoyant and cheerful optimism, even in the face of such a devastating disaster as the destruction of his first crop by locusts. Of this now topical plague he gives a most dramatic description. This edition of the book is a reprint, and Mr. John Galsworthy provides an enthusiastic foreword in which he says: "The sun shines on Mr. Flemming, and he shines on the sun." It was about 1903 that he started work, with infinite faith and a capital of some £7 (a contrast to the £2000 now officially considered necessary) on 1000 acres of "treeless, birdless veld." Having made the desert to blossom like the rose, he tells in his joyous pages exactly how he did it, and concludes with a stirring call to others to go out to South Africa and do likewise. "This may be an age (he says) of wonderful inventions and mass production, but nothing has been invented yet to make wheat or manufacture mutton!"

## To Our Readers and Photographers at Home and Abroad.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS has always been famed for its treatment of the various branches of Science. Its archaeological articles and illustrations are known throughout the world, and its pages dealing with Natural History and Ethnology are of equal value. These and other subjects are dealt with in our pages in a more extensive way than in any other illustrated weekly journal. We take this opportunity, therefore, of urging our readers to forward to us photographs of interest in these branches of Science.

Few people visiting the less-known parts of the world fail to equip themselves with cameras, and we wish to inform explorers and others who travel that we are glad to consider photographs which show curious customs of various nationalities, civilised and uncivilised, their sports, habits, and costumes; in fact, anything of a little-known or unusual character.

We are very pleased to receive, also, photographs dealing with Natural History in all its branches, especially those which are of a novel description. Our pages deal thoroughly with unfamiliar habits of birds, animals, fishes, and insects.

To Archaeologists we make a special appeal to send us the results of recent discoveries.

In addition, we are glad to consider photographs or rough sketches illustrating important events throughout the world; but such contributions should be forwarded by the quickest possible route, immediately after the events.

We welcome contributions and pay well for all material accepted for publication.

When illustrations are submitted, each subject should be accompanied by a suitable description.

Contributions should be addressed to: The Editor, *The Illustrated London News*, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

In the desert "a man can raise a thirst," but too often the trouble is to find something to quench it. Such an experience almost proved fatal to the author of "A SAHARAN VENTURE." Being the Account of a Journey across the Sahara from Kano to Algeria. By Donald R. G. Cameron, F.R.G.S. Illustrated (Edward Arnold; 18s.). "Mahomed jumped off his camel (we read) and handed me a calabash of clear, sparkling water. I then had my first proper drink for ten days." It is no joke to lose one's way in the Sahara, as did the author of this fascinating book—an officer of the West African Frontier Force. "Had it (the wind) not blown (he writes), but allowed the sun to do its deadly work, four, or perhaps five, days would have seen the end, and a few more bones added to the countless millions already strewing the desert." The book forms a timely commentary on the lately announced Saharan railway plans of the French, to the efficiency and kindness of whose officers in that region the author pays a warm tribute. What does one read in the Sahara? His travelling library comprised Shakespeare, Kipling (verse), four travel books, three dictionaries (English, French, and Hausa), and "Whitaker's Almanack."

Three other books have also been carrying me on pleasure cruises to tropic seas and sunlit shores, but at present I can do no more than name them. One is "THE NEW MAP OF SOUTH AMERICA." By Herbert Adam Gibbons, Ph.D., Litt.D., F.R.Hist.S. With seven maps (Cape; 12s. 6d.), including, among much else, comments on the Bolivia-Paraguay dispute. The second is "A WEST INDIAN PEPPER POT": Or, Thirteen "Quashie" Stories. By T. R. St. Johnston, Administrator of St. Kitts-Nevis. With coloured illustrations by Eva Wilkin (Philip Allan; 10s. 6d.), a volume of sympathetic character-sketches of the West Indian peasant ("Quashie") under a "blazing sun." Thirdly, and finally, comes "HAILEY IN THE WEST INDIES." By Halsey Oakley Fuller. With a Foreword by Kennett Harris. With thirty-two illustrations from photographs and sketches by the twelve-year-old artist, Arthur Lindborg. (Putnam; 6s.). This is an American boy's lively account of his adventures, with a companion, under the wing of a tutorial "Padre," among the sun-steeped islands of the Caribbean. And now, before I succumb to sunstroke, I will go and see whether there is any prospect of skating on the Serpentine.—C. E. B.

## WILL THE PHILAE TEMPLES BE REMOVED BODILY? FAMOUS EGYPTIAN BUILDINGS IN FLOODED WATERS.



ISLANDED IN THE SWOLLEN NILE ABOVE THE ASSUAN DAM: THE TEMPLE OF SEBUA—AN AIR VIEW.



SUBJECT TO FLOOD: THE TEMPLE OF DENDUR ON THE NILE ABOVE ASSUAN—AN AIR VIEW.



HALF-SUBMERGED: THE TEMPLE OF KALABSHA—AN AIR VIEW DURING INUNDATION.



ISLANDED IN MID-STREAM: THE SMALL TEMPLE OF OFFEDENA (OR OFFEDUNIA) HALF-SUBMERGED.



UNSUBMERGED: THE FAMOUS RUINS ON THE ISLAND OF PHILAE JUST ABOVE ASSUAN, DURING THE PERIOD WHEN THE NILE IS NORMAL—(LEFT) THE TEMPLE OF ISIS; (RIGHT) THE KIOSK (OR, "PHARAOH'S BED").



HALF-SUBMERGED: THE BUILDINGS AT PHILAE SURROUNDED BY THE NILE WATERS COVERING THE ISLAND DURING THE MONTHS (NOVEMBER TO JUNE) WHEN THE ASSUAN DAM IS CLOSED.



NOW MENACED BY DEEPER AND MORE PROLONGED IMMERSION Owing to the proposed heightening of the Assuan Dam at the First Cataract: THE HISTORIC TEMPLES OF PHILAE (CENTRE FOREGROUND) ISLANDED IN THE WATERS OF THE NILE RAISED BY THE DAM—A GENERAL AIR VIEW LOOKING DOWN-STREAM TOWARDS ASSUAN AND THE DAM (OUT OF THE PICTURE IN LEFT BACKGROUND).

It was reported from Cairo the other day that the projected heightening of the Assuan Dam, at the First Cataract on the Nile, would require the reservoir to be filled earlier and reach a still higher level than now, thus annually submerging the Island of Philae to a greater extent and for a longer time than hitherto, and causing the gradual disintegration of its famous monuments. There is much concern in Egypt as to what can be done to save them, and one suggestion is that they should be removed and re-erected on a neighbouring site above the flood level. The principal building on Philae is the Temple of Isis, begun by

Ptolemy Philadelphus. Near it stands the so-called Kiosk, or "Pharaoh's Bed," which dates from Roman imperial times. As our top row of photographs shows, the Philae monuments are not the only ones affected. The Temple of Sebua, dedicated to Amon, was built by Rameses II. The Temple at Dendur was built by Augustus, and that at Kalabsha was also erected in his reign on the site of a sanctuary founded by Amenophis II. The Temple at Offedena, dedicated to Serapis, also dates from the Roman period. Our illustrations, except the two in the centre row, are from air photographs by Sir Alan Cobham.



A PREHISTORIC CAVE-WOMAN'S BEDROOM OF THE ICE AGE: A ROCK-SHELTER ALCOVE PROVIDED WITH A TRIPOD OVER A "HEARTH" OF LOOSE STONES.

## BEDROOMS THROUGH THE AGES: AT THE IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION.



AN EGYPTIAN BEDROOM OF THE TIME OF TUTANKHAMEN: A SPACIOUS APARTMENT REPRESENTING THE COLOUR AND DECORATION OF THE PERIOD.



AN ANCIENT GREEK BEDROOM: "A ROOM WITH A VIEW" OVER THE WINE-DARK SEA AND THE AEGEAN SHORE, AND FURNITURE WITH APPROPRIATE DECORATION.



A FLORENTINE BEDROOM: A CHAMBER WITH REAL SIXTEENTH-CENTURY ITALIAN FURNITURE, INCLUDING THE BED WITH ITS HANGINGS, FIRE "DOGS," AND FIREPLACE IRONWORK.



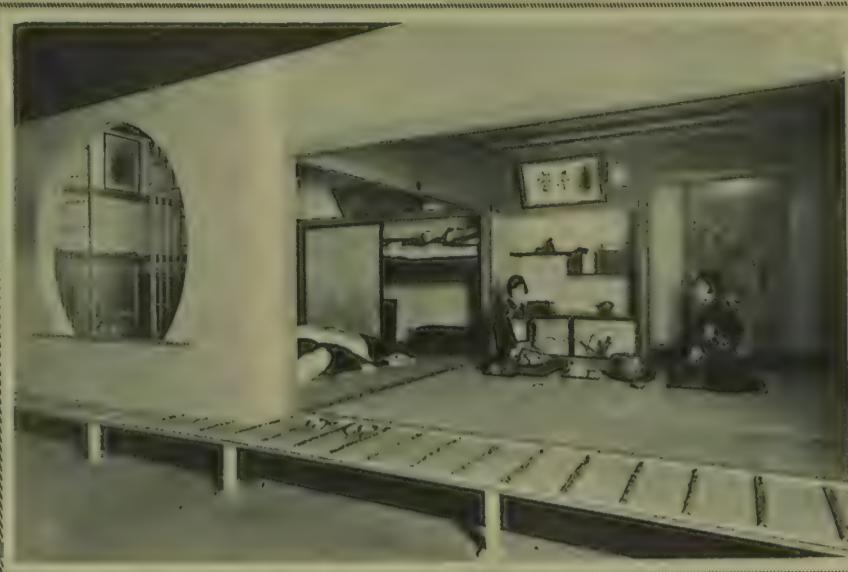
A VICTORIAN BEDROOM: AN AMUSING EXAMPLE WITH GENUINE ACCESSORIES—LUSTRES, MUSLIN BED-HANGINGS, AND PICTURES INCLUDING PORTRAITS OF JUMBO AND A GENTLEMAN WITH SIDE-WHISKERS.



A MODERN BEDROOM OF THE JAZZ AGE: "MISS 1929'S" ROOM, WITH POLISHED COPPER CEILING, BLACK ENAMELLED WALLS, RADIO SET AND GRAMOPHONE, AND DAZZLE DECORATION.

The coming-of-age of the "Daily Mail" Ideal Home Exhibition, which has done so much to educate public taste and to improve the conditions of domestic life by the spread of labour-saving devices, is marked by many new features of exceptional interest in the new Exhibition opened at Olympia, on February 26, by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress (Sir Kynaston and Lady Studd). A notable feature, in the upstairs galleries, is the series of eight bedrooms (six of which are illustrated here) typical of various outstanding periods in history, and ranging from the cave shelter of a prehistoric woman to the ultra-modern apartment of "Miss 1929." This selection of characteristic sleeping-places through the ages was arranged by Mr. F. R. Yerbury, Secretary of the Architectural

Association, who designed for the 1926 Exhibition a similar series called "Kitchens of the Nations." The other two bedrooms, which are not shown here, represent respectively the Japanese style (illustrated on the opposite page) and that of provincial France in the late eighteenth century, from an example lent by M. Paul Turpin.



A JAPANESE BED-ROOM (ONE OF THE SAME SERIES AS THOSE ILLUSTRATED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE) IN THE IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION AT OLYMPIA: THE CHARM OF SEVERE SIMPLICITY.



REPRESENTING THE LATE LORD OXFORD'S LIBRARY WHEN HE WAS PREMIER, AND CONTAINING DISPATCH-BOXES AND THE CASE FOR THE GREAT SEAL: A ROOM DESIGNED BY LADY OXFORD.



SIR WILLIAM ORPEN'S OWN STUDIO REPRODUCED IN THE ROOM DESIGNED BY HIM AT OLYMPIA: A RUBBER FLOOR; AND CREAM-COLOURED WALLS FOR CONSERVATION OF LIGHT.

## IDEALS OF CELEBRITIES IN STUDY AND STUDIO COMFORT.



A WILLIAM MORRIS DRAWING-ROOM, AS DESIGNED BY HIM FOR THE LATE HENRY ARTHUR JONES: MORRIS FURNITURE USED IN "THE CRUSADERS."



THE ROOM DESIGNED BY LADY LONDONDERRY: A WOMAN'S STUDY IN QUEEN ANNE STYLE, WITH BOOKS UNDER GLASS—A CONTRAST TO LORD OXFORD'S OPEN SHELVES.



MR. EDMUND DULAC'S OWN STUDIO REPRODUCED IN HIS DESIGN FOR THE IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION: A ROOM OF MANY CUPBOARDS AND CABINETS ROUND THE WALLS.

One of the most attractive features of the Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia, from the point of view of human interest, as well as guidance in taste for home decoration, is the series of rooms designed by a number of eminent men and women. To take them in the order of the above illustrations—the William Morris room is a replica of one designed by him for the late Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, the famous dramatist, for whose play, "The Crusaders," the furniture shown was made by Morris. The mahogany bookcase (seen on the left) contains a complete set of the Kelmscott books (produced by Morris), together with twenty bound volumes of Henry Arthur Jones's plays. It was by courtesy of the latter's daughter, Mrs. Doris Thorne, that the room was reconstructed for the Exhibition. Lady Oxford's design represents the late Lord Oxford's library when he was Prime Minister. The books range from the Greek classics to modern works of reference.

Dispatch-boxes and the case of the Great Seal give it a statesman-like atmosphere. Lady Londonderry's study has walls of pale jade touched with gold, walnut furniture, and curtains of rich crimson damask. The reproductions by two famous artists (Sir William Orpen and Mr. Edmund Dulac) of their own studios, present an interesting contrast. Sir William's studio has a rubber floor, that does not tire the feet, while the cream walls and the arrangement of the window are designed to conserve the last ray of daylight. Mr. Dulac's studio is more elaborately furnished and decorated.



THE DISBANDMENT OF THE SPANISH ARTILLERY: A PARADE AT THEIR HEADQUARTERS IN MADRID AT THE TIME OF THE PUBLICATION OF THE ROYAL DECREE.

Following the recent unrest in Spain, a royal decree, signed by King Alfonso, dissolving the Spanish Artillery Corps (except units in Morocco and the Balearic and Canary Islands) was published in Madrid on February 20. It included a statement that the Corps would be reorganised by June 1, and the conditions on which officers would be re-admitted. Meantime they would all revert to civilian status. A preamble to the decree referred

*[Continued below, right.]*



HERR MAX VALIER'S ROCKET-SLED IN MOTION (SHOWN BY THE LINE OF SMOKE CLOUDS): THE SCENE DURING TRIALS ON LAKE STARNBERG, WITH CROWDS OF SPECTATORS.



CHALLENGER OF MAJOR SEGRAVE FOR A SPEED CONTEST FOR THE WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP! HERR MAX VALIER AND HIS NEW ROCKET-SLED, "RAK-ROB II."



DOING NEARLY 250 M.P.H.: HERR VALIER'S ROCKET-SLED "RAK-ROB II." (UNMANNED, BUT FULLY LOADED) AT ITS TRIALS ON LAKE STARNBERG.

Herr Max Valier, the young Austrian designer of a rocket-propelled car and aeroplane, and now a sled, has challenged Major Segrave, the racing motorist, to a speed contest! "The third attempt, with the sled unmanned, but fully loaded (he writes), took place with my new 'Rak-rob II,' on Lake Starnberg.... The highest speed must have been nearly 249 m.p.h."

## HAPPENINGS AT HOME & ABROAD: SOME NOTABLE RECENT OCCASIONS.



DISCUSSING THE SITUATION OUTSIDE THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARTILLERY

CORPS IN MADRID: SPANISH OFFICERS DEPRIVED OF THEIR RANK. to "the deplorable events" of 1926, and described how the Government had expected better results from the benevolence then shown to the Corps. An official communiqué explained that the object was to eliminate "all undesirable officers whose contumacy in intrigue endangers not only public tranquillity, but the exemplary discipline maintained in the rest of the Army."



THE QUINCENTENARY OF JOAN OF ARC: THE INAUGURAL CELEBRATIONS BESIDE THE ANCIENT "PORTE DE FRANCE" AT VAUCOULEURS.

The celebrations of the fifth centenary of St. Joan began, on February 24, at Vaucouleurs, in Lorraine, the village from which she set out, on February 23, 1429, on her famous journey to Chinon, where she arrived on March 6. Commemorative tablets have been placed in every town and village where she halted. The first tablet, on the ancient gateway called the Porte de France, at Vaucouleurs, was unveiled by Mgr. Ginisty, Bishop of Verdun.



INSIDE A FLYING-BOAT BEING PREPARED FOR A FLIGHT TO BASRA: A WIRELESS OPERATOR TESTING HIS APPARATUS.

"The flight of Supermarine Southampton flying-boats, now at Cattewater Seaplane Station," writes a correspondent in a note on this photograph, "are being prepared for their flight to Basra, where a second Empire flying-boat base is to be established. The photograph shows a wireless operator testing his apparatus inside one of the flying-boats. Here the crew have to eat and sleep and work."



TROOPS ON PATROL DUTY DURING THE RIOTS: MARCHING PAST A SPOT AT WHICH A NUMBER OF HINDUS WERE KILLED DURING STREET FIGHTING.

## THE BOMBAY RIOTS: A DISTURBANCE WITH A CASUALTY LIST OF 743.



INDIAN POLICE IN ACTION, ARMED WITH THEIR LONG STAVES: DISPERSING A CROWD OF PATHANS WHO HAD CREATED A DISTURBANCE.



DURING RIOTING WHICH RESULTED IN 743 CASUALTIES: A HINDU LEADER, WITH ARMS SPREAD WIDE, MAKING A PEACE APPEAL IN A BOMBAY STREET.



PATHANS RIOTING: AT A MOMENT WHEN PASSERS-BY WERE BEING ATTACKED WITH STONES AND SHOP-KEEPERS WERE BEING MOLESTED IN THE BUSINESS QUARTERS.



WITH PATHANS CONCERNED IN THE DISTURBANCES: AN OPEN-AIR MEETING IN BOMBAY DURING THE TROUBLES NOW ENDED.



SHOWING INDIAN POLICE WATCHING FROM A LORRY: A GATHERING HARANGUED BY AGITATORS DURING THE EARLIER DAYS OF THE RIOTING.

Answering a question in the House on February 25, Lord Winterton said: 'I am happy to say that the situation in Bombay is now, and has for some days been, normal. The hospital returns of injured are: Pathans, 83; other Mahomedans, 186; Hindus, 462; Indian Christians, 11; Parsee, 1—a total of 743.' Earlier in the month he had said: "On December 7 there began, under Communist leadership, a strike of the workmen at the oil companies' installation, who are mostly Hindus. The oil companies engaged Pathan workmen in place of the strikers. Several *fracas* arose between strikers and Pathans, culminating on

January 18 in the organised murder of three Pathan watchmen of New China Mills, by mill hands, not oil strikers. From February 2 an entirely baseless rumour arose that Pathans were kidnapping children, to sacrifice them on the foundations of a bridge under construction in Baroda. On the 3rd and 4th there were sporadic assaults and murders of isolated Pathans. . . . Rioting spread between mobs of largely Hindu mill-hands and small bodies of Pathans." He then explained that the police had asked for military aid. The rioting became definitely Hindu-Mahomedan on February 6.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:  
PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

**CAPT. E. L. ATKINSON.**  
Surgeon-Captain Edward Lester Atkinson has died at sea, at the age of forty-six. He headed the party which found the body of Scott in the Antarctic in 1913.

**LORD SOUTHWARK.**

Formerly the Rt. Hon. R. K. Causton. Did much public work. A Liberal Whip, 1892-1905, and Paymaster-General, 1905-10. Born, September 25, 1843; died, February 23.



**SIR VINCENT MEREDITH, BT.**  
Chairman of the board of directors and formerly President of the Bank of Montreal. Also a director of the Canadian Pacific Railway, etc. Born, February 28, 1850; died, February 24.

**MR. TIMOTHY A. SMIDDY**

Now in London as the Irish Free State High Commissioner. Was that State's Minister at Washington. An expert in economics, and writer thereon. Born, April, 1877.



**SIR GEORGE FORDHAM.**  
A notable authority on country life. Also known as cartographer, and authority on road-making. Born, May 9, 1854; died, February 20.

**THE SECOND BARON ABERGARE.**

Born, June 19, 1851; succeeded, 1895; died, February 20. President of the National Museum of Wales, and Past President of the University of Wales. Took much interest in the welfare of those working in the Mountain Ash colliery district.

**LADY LODGE—WITH HER HUSBAND, SIR OLIVER LODGE.**

Lady Lodge, who would have been seventy-eight this month, died on February 20. She was Mary, daughter of the late Alexander Marshall, and great-granddaughter of Francis Brodie of Brodie. Her original intention was to take up art as a profession, but family duties forbade this: she had six sons and six daughters. Her wedding took place in 1877. Like her husband, she believed firmly in communication between the living and the dead.

**THE FIRST BARON HOLLOWDEN.**

Formerly Mr. Samuel Hope-Morley. A leader in the textile trade and a notable philanthropist. A Director of the Bank of England, of which he was Governor, 1903-5. Born, 1845; died, Feb. 18. Succeeded by the Hon. Geoffrey Hope-Morley.

**SIR HARRY BARNSTON, M.P.**

M.P. for the Eddisbury Division of Cheshire since 1910. Controller of the Household, 1921-24, and November, 1924—January, 1928. Saw service during the Great War. A barrister. A practical agriculturist. Born, Dec. 1870; died, Feb. 22.

**SIR W. REARDON SMITH, BT.**

Sir William Reardon Smith, Bt., has been elected President of the National Museum of Wales, of which he was the Treasurer. He controls the Reardon-Smith Line, which comprises some forty motor and steam cargo-carrying vessels.

**GENERAL SIR JOHN G. MAXWELL.**

Died at Newlands, a suburb of Cape Town, on February 20. Born, July 12, 1859. Was one of the first British officers to enter the Egyptian Service, and saw much fighting. In 1898, became Governor of Omdurman. His later posts included those of Military Governor of Pretoria; G.O.C., Egypt, 1914-15; and C-in-C. in Ireland, 1916.

**M. ANDRÉ MESSAGER.**

The distinguished composer and opera director and conductor. Born, December 30, 1853; died, February 24. Composer of "Véronique," "Les Petites Michus," "La Béarnaise," "Monsieur Beaucaire," "Fortunio," "Mirette," "Les Deux Pigeons," and numerous other works. Manager of Covent Garden, 1901-7; Director of Opera, Paris, 1907-19.

**MRS. ANDRÉ LEDOUX HAHN.**

Plaintiff in the "slander of title" action brought in New York against Sir Joseph Duveen for having declared that a picture in her possession attributed to Leonardo da Vinci is only a copy. (See illustrations on page 339.)

## French Colour Prints for Auction.



"MARIE ANTOINETTE," BY F. JANINET, AFTER THE PAINTING BY J. B. A. GAUTIER-DAGOTY: A FAMOUS COLOUR-PRINT THAT WAS "TABOO" DURING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.



"THE VILLAGE FAIR," BY C. M. DESCOURTIS, AFTER THE PAINTING BY N. A. TAUNAY: THE LOWER PORTION OF A COLOUR-PRINT ILLUSTRATING OLD FRENCH COUNTRY LIFE.

The above reproductions illustrate two outstanding examples in "a superb collection of fine French colour prints, the property of a Nobleman," included in a sale to be held at Sotheby's on March 18, 19, and 20. "The art of printing in colours" we read in a preface, "whether from several plates (*au repérage*) or from one (*à la poupée*) reached its zenith in the late eighteenth century. The former method was favoured by the great French engravers, with results astonishingly beautiful.... The 'collection of a Nobleman' may be said to be one of the finest that has ever come into the market. Few, indeed, are the celebrated prints that will not be found here.... Janinet is represented by a brilliant impression of *Marie Antoinette*, with the separate border with blue ground." [By Courtesy of MESSRS. SOTHEBY AND CO.]

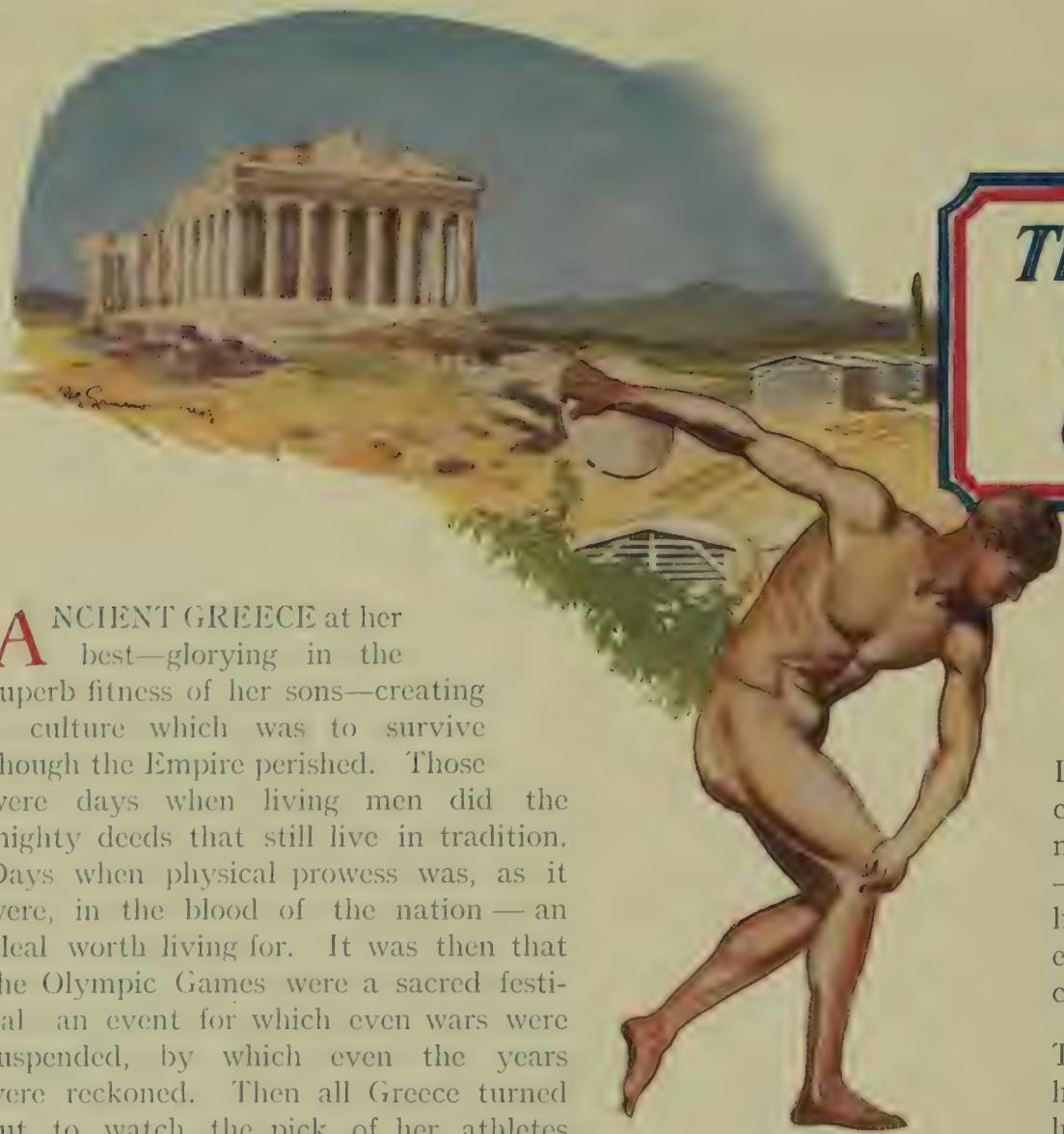


**"THE WINGED SEA-GIRT CITADEL": A SHIP OF THE FLEET THAT DEFEATED THE SPANISH ARMADA.**

All things connected with the ships of bygone days are now greatly in vogue, not only among serious collectors of prints, models, and so on, but also in the more popular sphere of home decoration. The reproduction of this drawing, showing the interior arrangements of an Elizabethan war-ship, should therefore be of particular interest. As mentioned in the explanatory article, with a key drawing, on another page, the illustration is the result of careful research

among various historical records, and may be taken as substantially correct in every detail. It is believed to be the first accurate representation of the internal details of an Elizabethan war-ship ever published in an illustrated newspaper. The vessel here depicted is one of about 500 tons, and may be said to be typical of the whole Elizabethan fleet, though the ships composing it varied greatly in size.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM AUTHENTIC INFORMATION AND ANCIENT DOCUMENTS IN THE PEPSYAN LIBRARY AT MAGDALENE COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE; THE SCIENCE MUSEUM; THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM; THE ADMIRALTY LIBRARY; AND THE LIBRARY OF THE UNITED SERVICES INSTITUTION.



ANCIENT GREECE at her best—glorying in the superb fitness of her sons—creating a culture which was to survive though the Empire perished. Those were days when living men did the mighty deeds that still live in tradition. Days when physical prowess was, as it were, in the blood of the nation—an ideal worth living for. It was then that the Olympic Games were a sacred festival—an event for which even wars were suspended, by which even the years were reckoned. Then all Greece turned out to watch the pick of her athletes striving for the honour of a simple crown of olive twigs. Running (sometimes in full armour), leaping, wrestling, boxing, hurling the javelin or the discus—it needed a perfection of physical condition to excel. Small wonder that the training required was long and arduous—ten months at least in the gymnasium at Elis—ten months of gruelling exercise and rigorous dieting—to produce at the end men worthy to be called heroes.

And what was the training dietary of these heroes?

Careful research has shown that it consisted mainly of bread, light wine, and a liberal allowance of Currants.

As long ago as that Greece grew on her sunny south-western shores those tiny seedless grapes, abounding in nutritious elements, which, when dried, were an important article in the national diet.



## *The fitness that was Greece —*

And now, once again, the value of this fruit is being discovered. Science has proved anew the wisdom of the Ancient Greeks.

For now we know that Currants contain fruit sugars, iron, and mineral salts of potash and lime—all of the utmost value to good health, serving as a fuel to create energy and keeping the blood clean and free from acidity.

To this very day the robust and hard-working peasantry of Greece have Currants as one of the main items in their diet, while in Germany and Holland Currant Bread is a staple food. In practice as well as in theory Currants prove their inestimable worth as a food—a fact which we in this country are beginning to realise.

One of the best forms in which Currants can be used is Currant Bread—provided that the Currants are present in liberal proportions. This, as well as providing healthy nourishment, is a delightful variant of ordinary bread, and brings a new interest to the tea-table.

But in whatever way Currants are used there is one point to be looked to. Make sure that they are *real* Currants—for it is Currants and Currants only that provide the greatest food value of all dried fruits.



# CURRANTS FOOD OF HEROES



## AN ELIZABETHAN WARSHIP—ITS INNER ECONOMY REVEALED.

AUTHENTIC DETAILS OF CONSTRUCTION, RIG, ARMAMENT, AND INTERIOR ACCOMMODATION IN A TYPICAL VESSEL OF ELIZABETH'S NAVY.

(See the Double-page Colour Picture by Our Special Artist, G. H. DAVIS, elsewhere in this Number.)

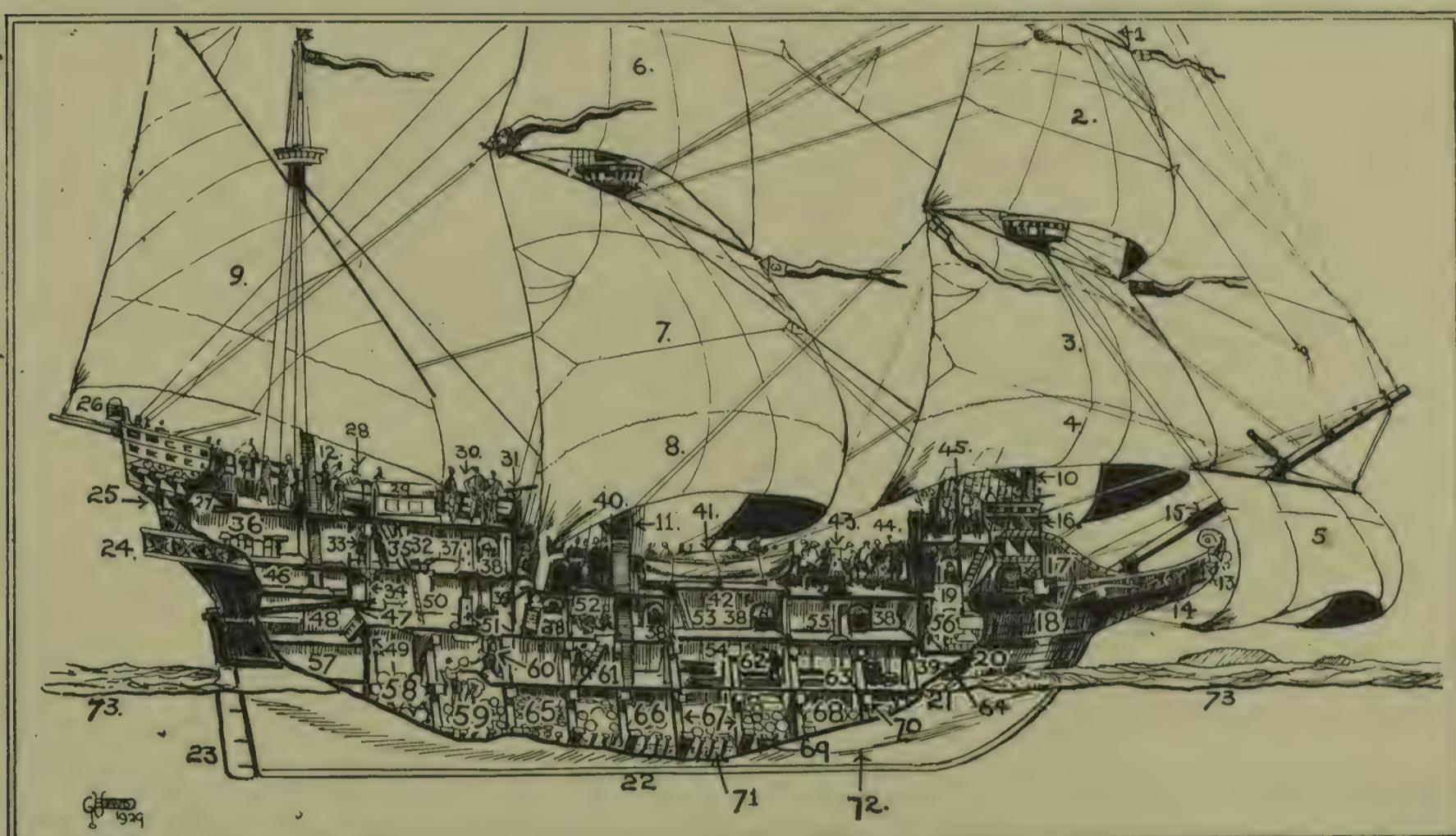
THE prevailing vogue for all that appertains to the golden age of sail, and the fashion for queerly shaped models of mediæval ships, has caused us to make considerable researches into all the material available, in order to produce a correct diagrammatic picture (given in colour on pages 358 and 359) of what one of the famous ships of the Elizabethan era really looked like. Rich as we are in pictures and beautiful contemporary models of the Stuart ships, there is but a comparatively meagre amount of reliable information regarding the ships of Elizabeth's reign. For our picture we have selected a typical ship of approximately 500 tons, belonging to a class that made lengthy deep-sea

purpose, is the manuscript volume called "Fragments of Ancient English Shipwrightry." It contains a number of careful plans, cross sections, and diagrams for the correct proportioning of the various members of the ship and her masts, spars, and sails. A careful examination of these drafts, together with a wealth of information gathered by Mr. G. S. Laird Clowes, of the Science Museum, South Kensington, enabled Mr. G. H. Davis to produce a drawing of a ship correctly proportioned and giving an excellent idea of its interior.

These ships were not the clumsy hulks that many artists of earlier days have represented them to be. They were by no means as broad in the beam, for

slept "anyhow" on the decks. There was but little head-room (5 to 6 feet) between decks. Right aft was the great cabin, where the officers lived and dined in communal state. Senior officers apparently had private cabins, mere boxes about 5 ft. square. For cooking purposes a galley is found in the fore-peak, consisting of a bricked hearth and a large copper boiler. Inserted in the outside of the furnace brickwork were enclosed shelves forming a primitive oven. For rations the crew largely subsisted on salt pork, and scurvy was prevalent during long voyages. Water was stored in barrels, and a liberal supply of beer was carried.

The method of steering is noteworthy. Attached



## DETAIL OF AN ELIZABETHAN WARSHIP: A KEY TO THE COLOUR PICTURE ON PAGES 358 AND 359 OF THIS NUMBER.

**SAILS.**  
 1. FORE TOP-GALLANT.  
 2. FORE TOPSAIL.  
 3. FORE COURSE.  
 4. FORE BONNET.  
 5. SPRITSAIL.  
 6. MAIN TOPSAIL.  
 7. MAIN COURSE.  
 8. MAIN BONNET.  
 9. MIZZEN.  
 MASTS.  
 10. FORE.  
 11. MAIN.  
 12. MIZZEN.  
 HULL.  
 13. FIGURE HEAD.  
 14. BEAK.

**DETAILS OF AN ELIZABETHAN WARSHIP.**  
 15. BOWSPRIT.  
 16. FORE CASTLE.  
 17. CATHEAD.  
 18. ANCHOR.  
 19. UPPER GUN DECK.  
 20. LOWER GUN DECK.  
 21. ORLOP DECK.  
 22. KEEL.  
 23. RUDDER.  
 24. QUARTER GALLERY.  
 25. HALF (OR SOMETIMES CALLED QUARTER) DECK.  
 26. STERN LANTERN.  
 27. LOCKERS.  
 28. MASTER GIVING DIRECTIONS TO STEERSMEN ON DECK BELOW.

**DETAILS ON UPPER GUN DECK.**  
 29. GREAT SKYLIGHT.  
 30. OFFICERS.  
 31. DEMI-FALCON (A SMALL GUN).  
**DETAILS ON LOWER GUN DECK.**  
 32. OFFICERS' CABINS.  
 33. HELMSMEN.  
 34. WHIPSTAFF (FOR STEERING).  
 35. MAIN STAIRCASE FROM HALF DECK.  
 36. GREAT CABIN.  
 37. MAIN CAPSTAN.  
 38. GUNS.  
 39. BREAK IN THE DECK.  
 40. NIGHT'S HEAD.  
 41. BOATS STOWED.  
 42. GREAT HATCH.

**DETAILS ON LOWER GUN DECK.**  
 43. JEER CAPSTAN.  
 44. MEMBERS OF SHIP'S CREW.  
 45. GALLEY FLUE-PIPE.  
 46. OFFICERS' STORES.  
**DETAILS ON ORLOP DECK.**  
 47. TILLER.  
 48. GUNNERS' STORE.  
 49. BREAK IN THE DECK.  
 50. CREW'S SPACE.  
 51. LOWER MAIN CAPSTAN.  
 52. MEMBERS OF CREW ASLEEP ON THE DECK (NO HAMMOCKS WERE THEN IN USE).  
 53. LADDER TO UPPER GUN DECK.  
 54. GREAT HATCH OPENING.

**DETAILS ON ORLOP DECK.**  
 55. BASE OF JEER CAPSTAN.  
 56. GALLEY.  
**DETAILS ON ORLOP DECK.**  
 57. LAZARETTO.  
 58. BEER STORE.  
 59. MAGAZINE.  
 60. PROTECTED MAGAZINE LANTERN.  
 61. YOUNG MEMBERS OF CREW CARRYING POWDER TO THE GUNS.  
 62. CABLES, SPARE SPARS, ETC.  
 63. HATCH COVERS.  
 64. CREW'S SPACE.

**HOLD.**  
 65. FLOUR, ETC.  
 66. FRESH WATER IN BARRELS.  
 67. DIAGONAL BRACING CHARACTERISTIC OF ELIZABETHAN SHIPS.  
 68. GENERAL STORES, CARGO, ETC.  
 69. RIBS AND MAIN TIMBERS.  
 70. CROSS OR AFTWARTSHIP TIMBERS.  
 71. BALLAST, LARGELY CONSISTING OF STONES.  
 72. OUTER PLANKING DIAGRAMMATICALLY CUT AWAY TO SHOW INTERIOR.  
 73. WATER LINE.

voyages to the New World. Though the Elizabethan fleet had one or two 1000-ton ships, the backbone of the fleet consisted of the 500-tonners and their smaller sisters, right down to the little fifty-ton ships. All the ships had a similar rig, except that the very small vessels did not carry top-gallant sails. They were also built more or less on a similar plan. Therefore, the ship depicted in the colour drawing may be said to be typical of the whole Elizabethan fleet. It is interesting to note in passing that Drake's famous *Golden Hind* was a ship of little over one hundred tons.

Most of the information at present available about Elizabethan ships is to be found in the Pepysian Library, at Magdalene College, Cambridge, where is housed the magnificent collection of naval manuscripts which the famous diarist, Samuel Pepys, gathered together for his projected history of the Navy. The greatest treasure in the collection, for our

instance, as has often been stated, and they had neither the excessive sheer nor the overwhelming upper works so dear to the contemporary artist. As the interior arrangements are possibly of the greatest interest to the general public, our artist has removed, diagrammatically, the outer planking of the starboard side of the hull, and given us a peep into the crowded interior. There were three main decks, called in those days the upper gun deck, the lower gun deck, and the orlop deck. Forward was the tower or fore castle, which in action was crowded with its boarding party. Further aft was the half deck, in some ships reduced in length and called the quarter deck, a name retained in the British Navy to this day.

In a ship of this size (500 tons) was crowded a crew of approximately 250 men, who must have lived a hard life. Hammocks were not in use, as they were not invented until 1597, so that the men

to the end of the tiller was a vertical rod carried on a ball and socket joint called the whipstaff. Two men moved the whipstaff, which, in turn, moved the tiller and worked the rudder. These men had no view of the surrounding sea, and the ship was conned by the officer on the quarter deck, who shouted orders to the steersmen through the door of the great skylight. All arms were stowed near the officers' quarters, for mutiny at sea was fairly frequent, and thus the crew did not have arms always available, but only served out just before an engagement. The stairs leading to the fore castle and the quarter or half deck were protected by stout oaken doors, so that, should a boarding party pour into the waist of the ship, they would have difficulty in reaching the two highest decks.

The ship mounted some twenty-eight guns on gun carriages, similar in design to those used in the Navy right up to the nineteenth century. These

(Continued on page 374)

## THE WHITE ANT'S "CONCRETE" ARCHITECTURE : WONDERFUL BUILDINGS AND FOOD STORES OF AFRICAN TERMITES.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND DESCRIPTION BY H. A. SPENCER, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.



1. A "MATTERHORN" BUILT BY INSECTS! ONE OF THE HUGE TERMITARIES (SOMETIMES OVER 20 FT. HIGH) CONSTRUCTED BY TERMITES, OR "WHITE ANTS" IN BECHUANALAND.



2. BUILT OF INSECT-MADE "CEMENT" REQUIRING A PICKAXE TO BREAK IT UP, AND FORMING DURABLE MATERIAL FOR NATIVE HUTS: ANOTHER LARGE TERMITARY.

<sup>1</sup> "The conical mounds thrown up by the Termites, called 'White Ants,' though not true ants at all," writes Mr. H. A. Spencer, "are a familiar sight throughout the Bechuanaland Protectorate, and are called termitaries. They form part of the underground communal existence of these insects, and are not merely the earth brought to the surface from the excavation of tunnels, galleries, and chambers. Myriads of Termite workers are responsible for their erection, each grain of which has been 'licked over' by them to insure its firm adhesion to the next, setting like cement after

[Continued in Box 2.]



3. A PIECE OF FUNGUS SPONGE, DRY AND SHRUNK, FROM THE CHAMBER (BENEATH A TERMITARY) SHOWN IN NO. 4: FOOD PREPARED BY "WHITE ANTS."



4. A SUBTERRANEAN CHAMBER BENEATH A TERMITARY: A STORE-HOUSE FOR THE SPONGE-LIKE FUNGUS FOOD PREPARED BY TERMITES (SEE NO. 3).



5. CONSTRUCTED BY "CHIMNEY-MAKER" TERMITES TO VENTILATE THEIR UNDERGROUND TERMITARIES, NOT SHELTERED BY BUSH, AND PROTECT THEM FROM FLOODS: TYPICAL "CHIMNEYS."

*Continued.*

about 3 feet below the ground-level, a large chamber surrounded by smaller ones is exposed, packed with slabs of a yellowish, moist, soft, sponge-like material, from the interstices and holes in which long white threads and small knobs of fungus grow, the former running up the runs opening into the chambers. This sponge is made from partially digested manure by the Workers, who inoculate it with mushroom spawn and use the growth to feed the Queen, embryos, and doubtless Warriors—in that order of importance; for the Worker is the only one able to digest cellulose and fungus—the sole diet—regurgitating it to feed the others. Close to this 'fungus garden,' and opening into the chambers by small

runs, will be found the special chamber housing the Queen Termite. One photograph (Fig. 3) shows a piece of fungus sponge, now dry and shrunken, which formed part of a slab removed from the chamber shown in No. 4. The species known as Chimney-Maker Termites, with termitaries away from sheltering bush, frequently ventilate their underground termitary by means of chimneys (Fig. 5). They may be holes in the ground, with a raised edge to prevent flooding, conical or straight, like a chimney pot, and as much as 3 feet high. Below ground they open out, like an inverted funnel, to enable the peak of a subterranean termitary to grow right into the chimney."

## 6000 ERUPTIONS A DAY! KRAKATOA, THE ISLAND-VOLCANO, ACTIVE.



THE RESULT OF HOT LAVA FALLING BACK INTO THE SEA: A GREAT VAPOUR CLOUD RISING AFTER ONE OF THE ERUPTIONS.

810 FEET HIGH! A VAPOUR CLOUD RISING QUICKLY—A FINE BUT TERRIBLE SPECTACLE OFT RENEWED.



SEEN AT INTERVALS OF FROM HALF-A-MINUTE TO A MINUTE: ONE OF THE THOUSANDS OF VAPOUR CLOUDS DUE TO THE INCESSANT ERUPTIONS.



A SEQUEL TO A DOUBLE ERUPTION: VAPOUR CLOUDS (ONE OF THEM 240 FEET HIGH AND THE OTHER 405 FEET HIGH) RISING FROM THE WATERS.

In a Batavian message of recent date it was stated that the famous island-volcano, Krakatoa, was showing increased activity, and that one of the eruptions had reached a height of over 3600 feet. All necessary precautions were taken, and a warning was issued to the population. On one day over six thousand eruptions were recorded; on another, nearly four thousand. As we noted in our issue of February 11, 1928, when giving photographs of kindred energy, the Krakatoa group consists of Rakata, or Krákatoa proper, and Lang and Verlaten

Islands, and is in Sunda Strait, about midway between Java and Sumatra. Dr. A. C. de Jongh has said: "Hot lava masses are ejected from 50 to 200 metres above the surface of the water. On falling back into the water, this lava causes a large cloud of steam, which rises quickly. After half a minute or a minute, the spectacle starts anew. Occasionally the interval is longer; then the eruption is more violent." Krakatoa met disaster in 1883, when two-thirds of it was blown to bits and 35,000 lives were lost, owing to a tidal wave.

## "LONDONS" OF THE R.N.: "PERSONAL" PRINTS FOR THE NEW CRUISER.



THE FIRST H.M.S. "LONDON" (X)—AN INDIAMAN WHICH, FITTED WITH FORTY GUNS, SERVED IN THE CAROLEAN "SHIP MONEY FLEET" AND, AS AN AUXILIARY CRUISER, IN THE FIGHTING AGAINST VAN TROMP.



THE THIRD H.M.S. "LONDON"—THE SHIP, WHICH WAS THEN THE "LOYAL LONDON," BURNT IN THE MEDWAY BY THE DUTCH RAIDING UNDER DE RUYTER IN JUNE 1667: ONLY TO BE RAISED AND TO BE KNOWN AS THE "LONDON."

IT was arranged that Mr. Bridgeman, the First Lord of the Admiralty, should visit the Parker Gallery, Berkeley Square, on Friday morning last, March 1, there to open an exhibition of the collection of some fifty old prints, depicting the "Londons" of the British Navy and actions with which they have been connected, which has been presented to H.M.S. "London" by Lord and Lady Ebbisham. The Exhibition is to remain open until March 12. The present "London" is the name-ship of a class of four cruisers—"London," "Devonshire," "Sussex," and "Shropshire." She was laid down in February 1926, and was commissioned last month.



THE THIRD H.M.S. "LONDON" (X)—THE SHIP, AFTER SHE HAD BEEN RAISED FROM THE MEDWAY AND DOCKED OF HER "LOYAL," FIGHTING OFF SCHOONEVELD AS THE FLAGSHIP OF SIR JOHN HARMAN.



THE FIFTH H.M.S. "LONDON" (X)—THE SHIP, IN COMPANY WITH THE "TORBAY," ENGAGING THE FRENCH 74-GUNNER "SCIPION," OFF SAN DOMINGO IN OCTOBER 1782, DURING A RUNNING ACTION LASTING FOR NINETEEN HOURS.



THE SIXTH H.M.S. "LONDON" (ON RIGHT)—A SHIP THAT DISTINGUISHED HERSELF AT THE BOMBARDMENT OF SEBASTOPOL IN OCTOBER 1854, WHEN SHE WAS ONE OF THE GALLANT INSHORE SQUADRON.



THE PRESENT H.M.S. "LONDON," RECIPIENT OF THE COLLECTION OF PRINTS—A 10,000-TON CRUISER LAID DOWN IN FEBRUARY 1926; AND COMMISSIONED AT PORTSMOUTH LAST MONTH.

Privately owned "Londons," built and equipped and manned on the Thames, did war service on behalf of the State for some years before there was a man-of-war of that name in the Royal Navy. The first fighting merchantman "London" entered Saldanha Bay, Cape of Good Hope, in 1620, with three consorts, and took possession of the neighbouring country, in the name of James I. Later she helped to clear the Indian Seas of Portuguese corsair squadrons. In 1636 another merchantman called "London," equipped as a man-of-war of forty guns, served in the fleet that Charles I. commissioned to assert the sovereignty of England within the

Four Seas, the celebrated Ship-Money Fleet furnished by the City of London. This vessel is considered to be the first man-of-war of the Royal Navy to bear the name "London." As an auxiliary cruiser under a regular man-of-war commission, she was a unit of Blake's fleet, and took part in three of the six big battles with Van Tromp. As to the "Loyal London," it should be added that after she had been raised she was repaired at the King's expense, and that that ruler caused the removal of "Loyal" from her name, being incensed by the fact that the City of London did not provide the funds necessary.

## EUROPE AT WAR WITH THE ICE KING: "NAVAL OPERATIONS."



RATHER SUGGESTIVE OF THE GRAND FLEET GOING INTO ACTION AT JUTLAND: A CONVOY OF STEAMERS LIBERATED FROM THE ICE BY THE ICE-BREAKER (EXTREME RIGHT) LEADING THE LINE, CROSSING THE SOUND BETWEEN DENMARK (ISLE OF ZEELAND) AND SWEDEN—AN AIR PHOTOGRAPH.



FIGHTING A NEW "BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN" AGAINST THE FORCES OF THE ICE KING: THE ICEBOUND HARBOUR OF THE CAPITAL OF DENMARK DURING THE GREAT FROST, WHICH IMPRISONED OVER SIXTY VESSELS IN DANISH WATERS, INCLUDING FERRY STEAMERS WITH 1400 PASSENGERS ON BOARD—A GENERAL VIEW OF THE ICE-BOUND PORT FROM THE AIR.

All the fleets of Europe made common cause, for once, during the great frost, against the forces of the Ice King holding the northern waters in their grip. The metaphor seems permissible in view of the remarkable resemblance of the upper photograph to a fleet going into action. These particular air views show the conditions in Danish waters, which were similar to those in the Baltic and elsewhere. The ice-breaking, by means of tugs and manual labour, that took place on the Thames a week or two ago was a small affair in comparison with the operations carried out at sea off the coasts of Denmark, Sweden, Germany,

and other countries. We may recall, in this connection, a message from Copenhagen on February 12, stating that the isle of Zealand was practically cut off, and that ice-breaker ferries had been unable to force the ice barriers in the Great Belt. One ferry steamer was stuck for 25 hours, and the passengers eventually came ashore on foot across the ice. Some 1400 people in all were then on board ferries, and provisions were running low. At that time over sixty vessels were ice-bound in Danish waters. Swedish seaplanes fitted with wireless were sent out to report to ice-breakers the position of ice-bound ships.

## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

**K**NOWING my delight in collecting such things, my many friends in various and distant parts of the world send me, from time to time, fantastic creatures of all sorts. To-day I propose to say something of some really remarkable beetles captured by my old friend, Dr. Charles Hose, in Borneo. I am not animated by the spirit of the "goliwog" hunter, who loves ugliness for its own sake—for there are few really ugly creatures in Nature—but I am thrilled by what may be called "animal oddities." And they are "oddities" just because they are so unlike all the other relatives of this or that particular "oddity" with which we are familiar. I want to know *why* they are so different from their fellows.

Take any group of animals you will, and examine a large series, and you will find, surely enough, that they will display a series of transformations, either in coloration or in bodily shape, or of some particular part of the body, till the extremes of the series come to lose all likeness to the original type. The spider-crabs I discussed on this page recently well illustrate this point. To-day I want to talk of beetles. Now everyone knows a beetle at sight—though many show that they have something yet to learn about these creatures when they talk of "blackbeetles," since, as the governess reminded her pupil, "they are not black and they are not beetles." She further enjoined her, it may be remembered, in future to speak of them as "cockroaches." The pert reply was, "I will, Miss Smith, though they are not cocks and they are not roaches." But this by the way.

The true beetle has a hard external shell, or skeleton, displaying a head, a thorax, and an abdomen, this last being roofed over by a pair of closely fitting, shell-like plates moulded to fit the curves of the body. These shells, or "elytra," are really the front pair of wings transformed to form covers for the hind-wings folded up beneath them. Three pairs of

comb-shaped fore-legs of the scarab-beetle, which are used for digging. In some beetles, again, the front part of the head is drawn out into a long rod, or "rostrum." In many cases, at any rate, it has been ascertained that this is used by the female to assist in placing her eggs in suitable places, a hole being

genus *Xenocerus*, at the moment, is that they are forest dwellers, abundant on fallen stumps and trunks. Their larvæ probably live on rotten wood.

Other beetles with remarkable antennæ are those of the genus *Pausus*. In one species, *P. cephalotes*, they may be likened to a pair of semilunar claws, set on a very short, slender stalk, with a disc at its base. In another, *P. testaceus*, from Tenasserim, they take the form of a huge pair of clubs. In both it has been shown that they contain a glandular, exudatory tissue which emits an aromatic secretion. This, apparently, is intimately associated with the fact that these beetles live as guests in the nests of ants, which find this juice an irresistible attraction, licking it from the antennæ and the under parts of the body, from which it also exudes, as fast as it is formed. They are supposed to tolerate the presence in the nest of these self-invited guests for the sake of this "honey." Perhaps they are even indifferent to the fact that the beetles levy a further toll on their hosts by eating their eggs and larvæ! Where children are present in such swarms, perhaps they hold that a few more or less "thrown to the wolves" are well worth it.

I have now little space wherein to say anything as to the changes one meets with in the form of the elytra. One of the most remarkable instances of this kind is seen in *Mormolyce*, where the outer margins are produced into a thin membrane of curious shape, shown in the photograph (Fig. 3). This is another of Dr. Hose's specimens from Borneo. This beetle has been described as one of the wonders of the insect world. It lives on the under-side of fallen trees, but

FIG. 1. WHY SUCH PRODIGIOUSLY LONG ANTENNAE?  
A BEETLE OF THE GENUS XENOCERUS.

The beetles of the genus *Xenocerus* are forest dwellers, and apparently are generally found on, or under, fallen trees which have been reduced to a condition of tinder. But so far nothing is known which will throw any light on the need for antennæ of this prodigious length.

bored with it. In some it is of slender but enormous length, so that it may surpass in this respect the rest of the body. In a species of *Eupsalis* the rostrum of the female is apt to become fixed in the wood during her boring operations, so that she is held a prisoner till rescued by her mate. To effect this he presses the heavily armoured under-side of his body against the tip of her abdomen; then her stout forelegs act as a fulcrum and her long body as a lever, so that the thrust of the male at the end of this lever has the desired effect of withdrawing the embedded proboscis. What a sigh of relief she must give on the attainment of this freedom!

The antennæ of beetles display a surprising range of differences in the matter of their form, and these are by no means always and easily to be interpreted. Usually they form jointed rods, sometimes clubbed at the end. In the group known as the *Lamellicornia* they take the form of flattened plates, but there is an amazing diversity in their size and arrangement. In *Neocerambyx*, or *Æolesthes achilles*, one of my latest acquisitions, these antennæ are of enormous length—more than three times the length of the body (Fig. 2). They are, indeed, almost incredibly long, and no one has yet discovered what purpose they can serve. For these organs are very fragile, and one would suppose that the creature finds it a difficult matter to keep them out of harm's way. Yet in another genus, *Xenocerus*, also a native of Borneo, they are even longer in relation to the length of the body (Fig. 1). And in some they are curiously jointed, developing nodes, or thickenings, which are of irregular lengths. When I next meet Dr. Hose I must ask him whether he has ever been able to discover anything in regard to their habits which would explain the enormous length of these "feelers." They recall the excessively long and delicate fin-rays of some deep-sea fishes, which, being blind, need them as organs of touch in their lifelong game of "blind man's buff." All that I can discover, as touching the life-history of the

what advantage it gains from this strange shape is as yet undiscovered. But *Mormolyce* must be handled with care. For it can, at will, eject from glands near the tail an irritant fluid containing butyric acid, and capable of paralysing the fingers for as long as twenty-four hours after the spray has touched them. The *Paussidæ*, by the way, just described as inmates of ants' nests, have similar means of protection from unwelcome attentions. The volatile vapour which they expel is ejected with an audible sound, is very corrosive in its action, and stains the fingers of those who handle them.

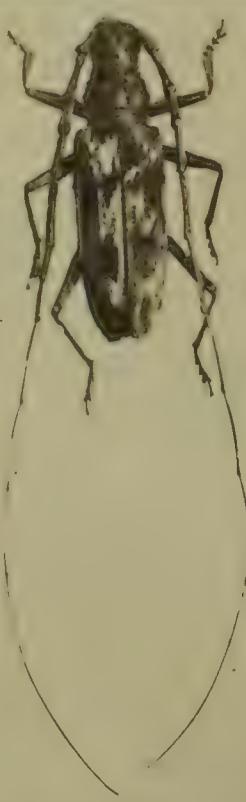


FIG. 2. WITH ENORMOUSLY LONG ANTENNAE—AT PRESENT UNEXPLAINED: A SPECIMEN OF ÆOLESTHES. The need for antennæ of such enormous length as these in *Æolesthes* has not yet been discovered; but it is hardly likely that organs so fragile can be merely "ornamental." There are several species in this genus, and in some the antennæ are four or five times the length of the body.

legs and a pair of antennæ are all that most people ever see in the "make-up" of a beetle. But each of these parts is liable, so to speak, to start off on a career of its own. Sometimes we are able to say that the change is an adaptation for the performance of some special function, as, for example, in the great



FIG. 3. AN INSECT WONDER: A SPECIMEN OF THE GENUS MORMOLYCE, WITH EXTRAORDINARY FLATTENED WING-CASES. The genus *Mormolyce*, which contains several species, has been described as one of the wonders of the insect world, on account of the extraordinary flattening of the wing-cases, or elytra, whose edges are produced into a wide and delicate membrane terminating in a curious lobe behind.

## A SOUTH AFRICAN MYSTERY OF THE SEA: A STRANDED SCHOOL OF WHALES OF A KIND THOUGHT NEARLY EXTINCT.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND DESCRIPTION BY  
MISS J. W. STEYTLER.

<sup>1</sup>  
"Much interest has been caused to the scientific world," writes Miss J. W. Steytler, "by the stranding of a school of whales on the coast near the seaside village of Kommetje in the Cape Peninsula. Early one morning in December, when riding along the lonely stretch of flat beach which extends for a distance of about six miles between Kommetje and Chapman's Peak, a farmer was astonished to see a number of whales floundering helplessly in the shallow surf, and apparently being gradually washed ashore. About 120

[Continued in Box 2.]



"THE HUGE CARCASSES WERE DRAGGED UP TO BEYOND HIGH-WATER MARK AND BURIED IN LONG LINES OF TRENCHES": DEAD WHALES LAID IN A TRENCH IN READINESS FOR BURIAL.



FALSE KILLER WHALES STRANDED ON THE SHORE NEAR KOMMETJE, IN THE CAPE PENINSULA: A SPECIES BELIEVED, UNTIL RECENT YEARS, TO BE ALMOST EXTINCT, AND HITHERTO UNRECORDED IN THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE.

coloured fisher-folk were busy for several days cutting off great steaks of flesh, which, when roasted, are said to be excellent eating. Anyone who has experienced the disagreeable smell of dead whale will understand why the writer was not tempted to try the meat herself. The task of getting rid of the whales before they started to decay was a formidable one, and gangs of "boys" in charge of mule teams were despatched to the beach for this purpose. The huge carcasses were dragged up to beyond high-water mark and buried in long lines of trenches. It was a pitiful and wasteful tragedy. Where the whales came from and for what reason they were stranded no one can say. At present their tragic story can only be looked upon as another of the unsolved mysteries of the sea." Whales and the whaling industry were recently discussed by Sir Sidney Harmer in his presidential address to the Linnean Society of London.

<sup>2</sup>  
whales were eventually stranded, and lay struggling and gasping in great distress for hours until gradually death brought merciful release from their agonies. It was a very pitiful sight, and though attempts were made to push some of the huge brutes back into the sea, and a few actually did get afloat, they did not seem to have the strength to swim out to deep water and were soon stranded again. The whales proved to be False Killers (*Pseudorca crassidens*), and a couple of very fine specimens were sent to the South African Museum in Cape Town. The incident is of particular interest to scientists, as until a few years ago these whales were thought to be nearly extinct. Indeed, except for a few odd specimens found recently, there is no record of their being known to exist in the Southern Hemisphere. It is an ill wind that blows no one any good, and, although these whales are said to be of no commercial use, the local

[Continued in Box 3.]



WHENCE THEY CAME AND WHY THEY WERE STRANDED NONE CAN SAY: SOME OF THE 120 WHALES THAT WERE STRANDED AND LAY STRUGGLING AND GASPING IN GREAT DISTRESS UNTIL THEY DIED.



Quite a considerable number of persons have written to the daily papers lately complaining bitterly of the badness of other people's handwriting. If an enterprising editor had published some of these letters in facsimile, we might have been able to estimate the critical qualifications of the writers. Not that the point greatly matters, for all our handwriting is essentially bad from the artistic point of view, and much of it has but small merit from any other. Certainly the commercial side of the question calls for consideration. In the days of one's youth, when typewriting machines flourished not, no boy or girl desirous of a business career was likely to get a decent post unless handwriting could be produced that was at least perfectly legible. For all Government departments, correspondence was laboriously copied out, from the original draft, for signature, and in copying ink, press copies being taken as a record. In many Army offices, the copies were made in longhand—and the writing was good. No doubt it was devoid of character; but that quality, if cultivated to excess, is apt to be a snare and a trial to the plain man.

Our handwriting has lost its virtue—and there's an end of it! By the way, that term "handwriting" is curious in itself, when one comes to think of it—most writing having been done by hand until the type-machine wrecked the whole procedure and then stole its name. Properly considered, there is no such thing as type-writing, and what remains is hardly worthy to be called calligraphy. All the paraphernalia of writing has gone: the scribe, the professional writing-master, the reed or quill pen, and the knives specially made for cutting the latter—and still supplied to Government offices by the Stationery Office well within my personal experience. Pot-hooks and hangers are a dim memory of those of us whose ages are almost sufficient to come within the category of "antique," as used by our good friends the dealers. Thin upstrokes and thick downstrokes are no longer prescribed by law, as it were; nor must the wretched child keep two stiff fingers on one side and a rigid thumb on the other of a penholder, with a thin, hard-pointed nib, and little sockets for the finger-tips. Freedom has been gained—as usual, at a sacrifice.

The impatient reader (readers being no longer gentle) will be asking what all this has to do with his desire to learn of some new thing to collect. Reed and quill pens no longer exist—save certain highly coloured exotics in the fancy stationers' shops—and the steel pen-nib, responsible for so much of the present trouble, has hardly yet attained to the dignity of, so to speak, a collector-worthy object. But there remain the copy-books—not those of our childhood, but centuries older: copy-books produced when the ordinary folk of the western European nations were first learning to write. The old and exquisite writing of the mediæval and early Renaissance manuscripts was the affair of only a small class of scribes, mainly ecclesiastical even when dealing with law and romance. Great men, such as had land or such-like to give away or sell, sometimes acquired very beautiful cypher signatures; but, speaking generally, the mass of the people were not over-much concerned with writing. Then in the second half of the fifteenth century came the stupendous revolution caused by the invention and rapid development of printing.

## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS:

### BYGONE CURES OF BAD HANDWRITING: EARLY COPY-BOOKS.

By Lieut.-Colonel E. F. STRANGE, C.B.E., Late Keeper in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

Now were books arriving, for anyone to read. One more step was necessary towards the establishment of the common factor of all our modern education—people desired to learn to write, and the copy-books, of which we can consider a few representative examples, were the outcome of that demand.

A very few earlier manuscript copy-books have indeed been recorded. One of great beauty was made by a writing-master for the instruction of Mary of Burgundy, afterwards wife of Maximilian I. of Germany. The date of this would be about 1470-1475. As none of the persons responsible are now alive, one may regret the singular want of foresight and taste which permitted this, many years ago, to go into an American collection, after having been refused by the British Museum and South Kensington.

The printed copy-books came later, and, as one might expect, made their first appearance in Italy.

They are generally small upright or oblong quartos, produced cheaply from blocks cut in wood or type-metal; and the various editions are in some cases so inextricably mixed up with each other, and sometimes with two or three authors, as to be the despair of the bibliographer. This should please the collector, who can aim at as many varieties as are "states" in the output of a fashionable modern etcher. The earliest seems to have been that by Sigismondo dei Fanti, of Ferrara, printed at Venice in 1514, with blocks cut by the celebrated engraver, Ugo da Carpi. It shows how to hold a pen, and gives illustrations of bold script, each letter provided with elaborate geometrical diagrams, so as to be of service to the craftsman with his measuring instruments as well as to those who rely on the pen. Vicentino of Venice seems to have been the next writing-master to publish—at Rome, in 1522 and 1523; and Ugo da Carpi brought out a book of his own in the latter year based on the work of Fanti, "the noble mathematician of Ferrara," as he calls him. Each of these has plates belonging to either of the three!

In 1524 appeared the first edition of G. A. Tagliente's "True Art of Excellent Writing in Various Kinds of Letters," as the title may be translated, published at Venice in 1524, and dedicated to the Grand Secretary of the Republic. This had a great success, no fewer than eighteen editions having been noted up to 1565—one printed so far afield as Antwerp (1545). We reproduce (Fig. 1) a page of distinctly beautiful writing from this book, with two different specimens of "chancery hand," which retains not a little of the charm of the old manuscript writing and yet is modern enough for anything—if people could be found willing to take the trouble to learn how to do it. I mean by that ordinary folk, who write letters to you, for one must not forget the fine writing that

is being done by the small group of scribes who have, under the leadership of Mr. Graily Hewitt, so successfully revived the old-time arts of calligraphy and illumination.

The next master of importance in the Italian group is G. B. Palatino. He published at Rome, in

BASTARDA.

31

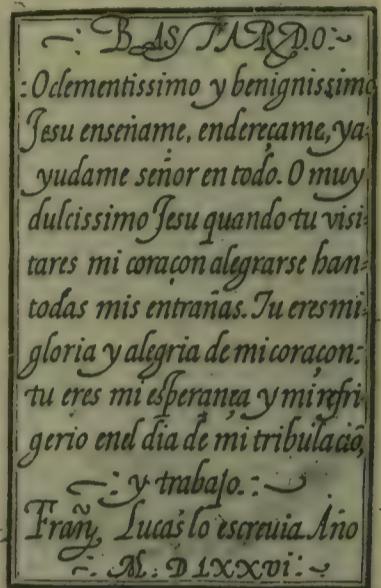


FIG. 2. A SPANISH COPY-BOOK OF THE LATE SIXTEENTH CENTURY: A PAGE FROM THE "ARTE DE ESCRIVIR" OF FRANCISCO LUCAS, PRINTED AT MADRID IN 1577.

merit. Of the later Italian books we need only say that they gradually fell into that hard "copperplate" script which infested Western Europe for so long—the so-called "Italian" hand.

Publications of this kind were not so numerous in other countries as in Italy; but Spain, Switzerland, France, Germany, and England also come into the story. Spain has the credit of the best of all, the "Orthographica Practica" of Juan de Yciar (Saragossa, 1548), with some extremely fine plates cut by Jean de Vingles of Lyons, and a definite flavour of the beauty of Arabic writing in some of the running hands. The less ambitious, but very practical "Arte de Escrivir" of Francisco Lucas, printed in 1577 at the Royal Press in Madrid, is especially valuable for its sound instruction and analysis of the strokes of the pen (reed or quill) needed to produce good writing—a typical specimen of which (Fig. 2) we are able to reproduce. Space does not permit more than a passing reference to the works of other Continental masters. Pierre Hamon of Blois rose to be writing-master and secretary to Charles IX., but was afterwards hanged on a doubtful charge of forgery—said to

have been inspired by the fact that he was a Huguenot. As a result of this case, the College of Maitres Ecrivains was founded in Paris in 1570 to provide a body of experts for what was evidently a new crime flourishing concurrently with the new education.

In England, the first copy-book was an edition of a French work by J. de Beauchesne, dedicated to the Earl of Arundel and printed by "Thomas Vantrollier dwelling in the blacke frieres, 1571." Here, however, we have chosen to illustrate a class of amazing flourishes which became the pride of the English writing-masters, as long as any survived.

The specimen reproduced (Fig. 3) is from "The Pen's Transcendancy; or, Fair Writing's Storehouse," by E. Cocker (1664). He was not only a pioneer in a peculiarly ingenious and futile kind of pen-ornament, but provided the English language with a proverb which will be remembered by the more ancient among us—especially in the City of London, where things that were strictly correct were so certified as "according to Cocker."

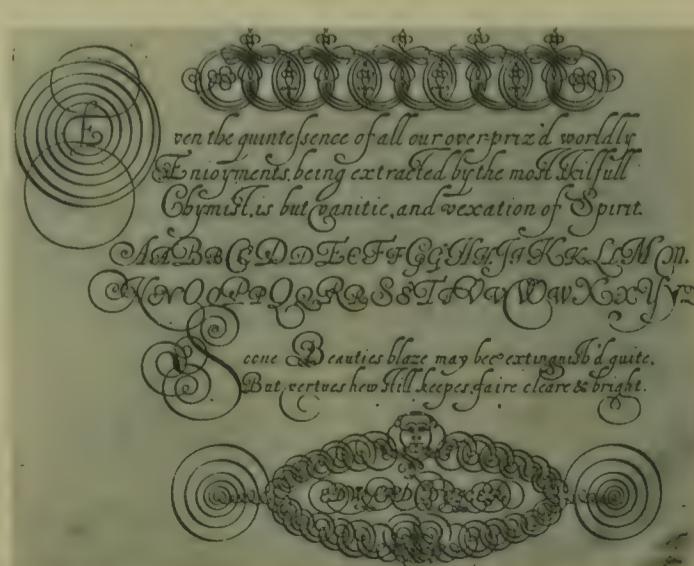


FIG. 3. AN ENGLISH SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY COPY-BOOK THAT ORIGINATED THE PHRASE—"ACCORDING TO COCKER": A PAGE FROM EDWARD COCKER'S BOOK, "THE PEN'S TRANSCENDENCY" (LONDON, 1664).



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# Fashions & Fancies

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and Bags.

To cheer us up after the Arctic winter we have experienced, fashion is painting her spring accessories with a bold dash of colour. With sports jumpers will be worn necklaces of curious large beads, sometimes of wood stained to rich reds, greens, and blues, or of mock-jade, cornelian and amber, rivalling each other in the same chain. Some necklets combine these brightly tinted beads with paste, which throws up the colourings into strong relief. Many of these necklaces are beautifully carved, sometimes with Chinese designs, or actually fashioned in a long chain of miniature elephants. With this type is worn a leather belt, boasting an elephant clasp to match. Flat, flexible bracelets are also being worn in the daytime, carried out in flat imitation jade or amber stones, interspersed with studs of brilliants like large nail-heads. Bags, too, have assumed a spring-like air, carried out in plaited leathers in designs reminiscent of flags.

**Printed Patterns** Most women will rejoice to find **Predominate.** those enchanting printed chiffons that make such charming youthful-looking frocks. The designs are, on the whole, smaller than they were during the former vogue of these materials. One famous Paris *couturier* is showing in his collection an evening frock patterned with pairs of tiny love-birds perched on branches which trail all over the frock, mingling exquisite shades of pale browns and greens against a background of blue sky. Another frock boasts

## SPRING FASHIONS DEFY THE WEATHER WITH ERMINE, SILK, AND TWEED.

The First  
of the  
Real  
Season's  
Hats.

The first straw hats which appear in January are solely Riviera modes, which may quite possibly fade into obscurity once the season in the South is ended. By now, however, hats which will be worn during the season right up to Ascot have arrived in London. Woollards, of Knightsbridge, S.W., have, as usual, a large collection, including the loveliest Paris models. The most striking innovation, I think, is the long *crêpe-de-Chine* scarf painted in vivid colours, laid flat against the crown at the back, passing through a slit at the juncture of crown and brim, and then falling almost to the waist. Scarves on hats are most important, and you see many gaily coloured squares of silk attached to sober black straws. The

*A trio of early spring hats from Woollards, Knightsbridge, S.W. Above, on the left, are a beret and scarf of bouclette striped in dark blue, yellow, and beige. Next comes a natural-coloured hemp straw, edged and trimmed with black petersham, and below a black felt toque decorated with two large leaves of shiny straw.*

little scenes with diminutive figures in boats paddling happily over lakes of clear blue, overshadowed with trellised foliage. Misty blue tints are also very smart, a really exquisite shade for a fair woman being chosen for a frock christened "Love-in-the-Mist" by its creator. As a foil to these colourings, plain beige chiffon in a dull, soft tint is also fashionable for an alternative frock. In satin, too, the colour is very smart, and is used extensively for those graceful, clinging frocks which rely entirely on their line for effect. The very latest silhouette for these is the frock dipping right down at each side in long points, with the front and back an inch or so below the knee. The hem-line, though uneven, is never so short this season as it has been for the last two years, and it is entirely incorrect to show the knee with an evening toilette.

*Two distinctive features about this smart tweed coat for the spring are the broad scarf of red and beige cloth, and the belt of leather in the two colours. It comes from Debenham and Freebody's.*



*Real ermine trims this fashionable spring coat of black *crêpe romaine*, from Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W. The coat is bordered with fine plaits of the same material very finely worked.*

brim sweeping to a point at one side is smart and very becoming. One lovely model has the crown of silk straw worked on net; and the brim, which is rounded on one side and develops into a dipping point on the other, is of delicate lace mounted on net. Fine baku and paribuntal straws are still fashionable, and a newcomer to *la haute couture* is our old acquaintance panama, looking unexpectedly fresh and *chic* trimmed with bright mustard-yellow and lime-green satin. There is also a fascinating "collapsible" toque. It is of satin, with no lining, wiring, or trimming, and can, in consequence, be screwed almost into a handbag without coming to any harm. It is ideal for a theatre or restaurant hat, where you must needs keep it on your head for several hours in a hot atmosphere. Pictured on this page are a trio chosen from this interesting collection. The striped bouclette cap and scarf are most attractive, for they can be carried out in most distinctive colour-schemes, such as dark blue, yellow and beige, or black, scarlet and gold, etc.

**Spring Coats à Little Different.** There are tweed coats and tweed coats: the mode may be universal, but no well-dressed woman need be undistinguished in her following of the fashion. The coat sketched here, for instance, is of tweed, but boasts in addition a most fascinating broad scarf collar in red and beige cloth, emphasising the tones of the coat, and as a finishing touch a leather belt in exactly the same two colours. The price is 11½ guineas at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W., where there are many other attractive models, completed either with scarf collars or trimmed with smooth-haired fur. A very well tailored coat indeed, with facings of dark pony-skin, can be obtained for the moderate price of 8½ guineas. Pony is this season's substitute for calf. For more formal afternoon occasions, there are slim black coats richly trimmed with real ermine. The one sketched at the top of this page, of black *crêpe romaine*, is collared with this fur, and is beautifully worked with fine plaitings of the material stitched on the borders. Another striking coat, designed for the South or the Tropics, is of white broadtail cloth, which has only just made its *début*, trimmed with huge collar and cuffs of sable-dyed squirrel. There are many others of smooth black silk fabrics, plentifully trimmed with white or summer ermine. Black and white promises to be a fashionable colour-scheme this season.

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## THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

## IMPERIAL OPERA.

MR. ERNEST NEWMAN has been letting fly in his characteristically vigorous way against the critics of Sir Thomas Beecham, more particularly against a writer in the *Times* who recently directed his attention to the present unsatisfactory state of the Imperial League of Opera. The *Times* correspondent suggested that the apathy of large numbers of people towards the scheme was largely due to Sir Thomas Beecham's predominance in it—

We do not believe that the (League's) present membership represents anything like the real state of feeling on the subject, but it has failed from two causes, both of which may be rectified. In the first place, the organisation has been inadequate . . . the League's propaganda has consisted largely of preaching to the converted, and it is difficult to see how an organisation in the hands of a professional concert agency can do anything else.

Mr. Newman takes the writer's last point first, and asks him breezily: "What ground has he for imagining that the organisation is in the hands of Mr. Lionel Powell's concert agency?" "Every organisation," says Mr. Newman, "must have an office somewhere or other, and an office staff. If the offices of the Imperial League of Opera were not at 161, New Bond Street, they would have to be somewhere else. There are surely obvious advantages in making use of an agency that is already in close touch with the British musical world, and of a staff that is already used to dealing with a country-wide distribution of music and musical publicity."

These remarks of Mr. Newman's seem to me to be almost too disingenuous. He first of all, by rhetorically asking the writer what grounds he has for suggesting that the organisation is in Mr. Lionel Powell's hands, seems to suggest that Mr. Powell has only lent his address to the League; but he then dilates upon the advantages accruing to the League from making use not only of Mr. Powell's address and advice, but of Mr. Powell's staff. Now he cannot have it both ways. It may be a great advantage or a great disadvantage for the Imperial League of Opera to have become associated with Mr. Lionel Powell. That is a matter to be argued about, and no doubt there is a good deal to be said on either side. But you cannot demolish a critic of Sir Thomas Beecham's methods of organisation by the simple

method of suggesting that the organisation is not what it seems, and then declaring that exactly what its critic complains of is its great asset as a piece of organisation.

As a matter of personal opinion I side with the correspondent to the *Times*. It is not any reflection against Mr. Lionel Powell, or the efficiency of his concert agency or staff, to say that the general public when invited to subscribe its money to an Imperial scheme for the establishment of opera in this country is more likely to look upon it as a national and imperial scheme the less the Imperial League of Opera is associated with any private musical business or concert agency. Surely that is a matter of mere ordinary common-sense, and there is no need for Mr. Newman to fly to the rescue of Mr. Lionel Powell with praise of his agency and his general efficiency. Mr. Lionel Powell has never been criticised; it is Sir Thomas Beecham who is criticised, and for a very good reason too, since Sir Thomas Beecham's action in using Mr. Lionel Powell's address and his staff to conduct the business of the Imperial League of Opera has been, in my opinion—and, I take it, in the opinion of the *Times* correspondent—a fundamental blunder.

Mr. Ernest Newman goes on to champion Sir Thomas Beecham in the most reckless style. He puts the *Times* correspondent's second point as being, in plain terms, "that music-lovers have not much confidence in Sir Thomas Beecham"; and then proceeds to ridicule this attitude. The *Times* correspondent pays the following tribute to Sir Thomas Beecham: "It was inevitable that the idea of the League should be closely bound up in the public mind with the name of the man who first thought of it, and who devoted his splendid energies to bringing it into being." "That is very handsome of the *Times*," says Mr. Newman, "which no doubt would also be prepared to admit that it is inevitable that the idea of Fascism should be closely bound up in the public mind with the name of Mussolini, the idea of hospital reform with the name of Florence Nightingale . . ."

I think this sort of derision unworthy of Mr. Ernest Newman. I will not lay stress on the fact that Mussolini did achieve Fascism, and that Florence Nightingale did achieve hospital reform, whereas Sir Thomas Beecham has not yet got us our opera, because all this is quite irrelevant. Mr. Ernest Newman is just stirring up a large dust-cloud, and he avoids

meeting the real criticism of the *Times* correspondent, which is that the public, whether rightly or wrongly, has not got that degree of confidence in Sir Thomas Beecham which leads to great and difficult schemes ever becoming realised. I believe the *Times* correspondent to be absolutely right on this point, and it would have been better for Mr. Newman to have considered it seriously.

The rest of Mr. Newman's article is a panegyric on Sir Thomas Beecham which is just so many words thrown away. And they are thrown away not because they are untrue. One could fill a book with praise of Sir Thomas Beecham that would be true and unexaggerated praise, since Sir Thomas is an enormously gifted man; but you do not silence criticism of a man's defects by merely ignoring them and fastening on his merits. And in some situations one perhaps petty defect will nullify a hundred virtues.

That Mr. Newman has some idea of the cause of the lack of confidence in Sir Thomas Beecham suggested by the *Times* correspondent is shown by the following remarks—

It is really time an end were made of the silly legend that Sir Thomas is only a brilliant meteor from whom no fixed course can be expected. That idea comes partly from the strange inability of the British public to believe that a man can be both brilliant and solid, a bright talker and a hard worker, partly from the habit papers have got into of reporting only the "provocative" passages in his speeches. The notion that Sir Thomas merely puts the idea of the League into circulation is a travesty of the facts. He has worked for it as few people work for a business of their own from which they hope to profit. He has delivered scores of speeches all over the country, and written many articles for the League. He has persuaded various towns and districts to form local organisations for the obtaining of subscribers—for subscribers are obtained only by hard personal work, not by issuing appeals in the names of social and educational "leaders." Twice when the League seemed to have come to a dead stop he started a new apparatus that brought in fresh subscribers. He has done ten men's work, and shown a genius for the practical that none of our academic leaders have; and if the prospects of British Opera are brighter to-day than they have ever been, it is due to him, and to him alone.

Now, one may assent to this glowing tribute paid by Mr. Newman to Sir Thomas Beecham without dissenting from the criticism of the *Times* correspondent. Let us admit that Sir Thomas Beecham is capable of hard work and that he has worked hard,

[Continued overleaf.]

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 When mead and such-like quaff was sold  
 War followed War without cessation  
 And trouble dwelt with every Nation  
 For people could not write or read  
 And verbal treaties ran to seed.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 But latterly as things befell  
 They learned to make a treaty well:  
 All people now could read and write  
 So pledged themselves in Black and White.



**BUCHANAN'S**  
**"BLACK & WHITE"**  
**SCOTCH WHISKY**

*Continued.* but what he lacks is a certain reliable common-sense which would, for example, have prevented his mixing up the Imperial League of Opera and Mr. Lionel Powell's concert agency. And he lacks more than common-sense, he lacks that sense of other people which enables a man to be a leader and to win confidence. There is always too much of the personal element in Sir Thomas Beecham's achievements. Everything he does is done as if it were a personal *tour de force*, and seems almost as if it were done in order that he might have an opportunity for a display of virtuosity.

If Sir Thomas Beecham thinks he can be the Mussolini of Imperial Opera, he is, in my opinion, courting failure, and his friends do the cause of music in this country no good by their panegyrics on his brilliance, and on his being the sole man to do anything for opera. They would be better advised in counselling him to be more serious and more modest, and to be willing to take advice and receive help from whatever quarter it was offered.

W. J. TURNER.

Funds for what is probably the largest prize offered in the art world, we learn, have just been presented to the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh by Mr. Albert C. Lehman, a well-known industrial magnate of that city, and the prize will be awarded for the first time at the twenty-eighth International, which will open at the Institute next October. The fund will amount to 12,000 dollars annually. The prize itself is 2000 dollars for the best purchasable picture in the Exhibition. The prize carries with it a guarantee to purchase the painting, on behalf of Mr. Lehman, at its list price up to 10,000 dollars. The prize and purchase fund is being offered annually for a period of five years. Mr. Lehman, the donor of the prize, is best known as the President of the Blaw-Knox Company. He was born in Pittsburgh in 1878, and has lived there all his life. Besides the prize and purchase fund offered by him, and the first prize of 1500 dollars offered by the Carnegie Institute, the Institute offers a second prize of 1000 dollars, a third prize of 500 dollars, and first honourable mention of 300 dollars for paintings in the International. The Garden Club of Allegheny County also offers a prize of 300 dollars for the best painting of a garden or flowers in the exhibition.

## THE WORLD OF THE KINEMA.

*(Continued from Page 340.)*

the second showing of the important picture—in some cases the third, if two have been wedged in before the tea-hour—is generally somewhere about half-past six; an impossible time, entailing the postponement of the home dinner-hour, much to the annoyance of the rest of the family, or the expense of something to eat in town after the film, and the consequent dislocation of the evening. Surely the West End houses would be well advised to cater for the needs of their average patron, who wants to see a picture between the hours of work and the normal dinner-hour. In nearly every case, it is merely a question of readjusting the programme, though in some it may mean a Utopian policy of considering the patron first and the box-office second. Still, I maintain, the box-office will reap its reward in the long run.

## THE LATE MRS. C. C. STOPES.

In our issue of February 16 last, we gave a portrait purporting to be that of the late Mrs. C. C. Stope, the distinguished authority on sixteenth-century literature, especially Shakespeare. We have since been informed by Dr. Marie Stope that the picture in question is not of her mother. Needless to say, we very much regret the mistake and any inconvenience and annoyance it may have caused. The error was due to a photographer's mis-titling. We hasten to give this actual portrait of Mrs. Stope.

Amongst many minor grumbles there is one that is not, in itself, a vital one, but is an amusing manifestation of the managerial mind. The holder of a ticket entitling him to certain seats in the centre as well as in the side sections of the auditorium will,

almost invariably, be directed with stern politeness by the young ladies whose smiles are as rare as Buster Keaton's to the *side sections*, and that even when the centre is sparsely filled. Now, until our films become stereoscopic and offer at least the illusion of the three dimensions, the side section is undeniably not a coign of vantage. Again, unless the kinemas issue numbered tickets, the policy of "first come, best served" must obtain. Why, then, do the grave young goddesses relegate their trembling victims to outer corners, and why, in their docility, do the victims go there? A firm "I prefer the centre" evokes a look of utter surprise and an uplifted eyebrow. Is it a laudable desire to "trim the house," early imbibed by all who have anything to do with a theatre, that dictates this policy? Or is it just a diplomatic move to pen the gentle sheep in the less attractive folds, so that there may be more room for the obstreperous ones? It is a problem I have not yet been able to solve.

## AN ELIZABETHAN WARSHIP.

*(Continued from Page 361.)*

guns were of various types, as follows: four 30-pounders, two cannon-terriers or 24-pounders, eight culverins (18-pounders), six demi-culverins (9-pounders), and eight sakers (6-pounders). The magazine was low down in the ship, the powder being stored in kegs and carried to the guns by youths, as in Nelson's day. There was also the same system of protecting the magazine lantern in a box to guard against explosion—an idea found in all warships right up to the days of Trafalgar. The ship was square-rigged on the fore and main masts, and fore and aft rigged on the mizzen with a sail similar to that carried on certain Mediterranean craft to-day. The fore and main sheets had bonnets attached when the ship was sailing with all sail set in a fair wind; but in a gale it was possible to remove the bonnets by pulling a cord, and thus quickly reduce the area of the sail surface. The whole scheme of decorating these ships was gay in the extreme, as the Elizabethan loved bright colours. Great care has been taken by the artist to give the correct colouring to the paintwork.

Other details of construction have been culled from researches in the United Services Institution Library, the Admiralty Library, and the Victoria and Albert Museum. It is believed this is the first substantially correct detail drawing of an Elizabethan warship ever produced in an illustrated newspaper.



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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

## INTERNATIONAL CARS—THE CITROËN "SIX."

I WONDER how long it will be before motor-cars become international—each make the product not of one country, but of half-a-dozen; every designer's models reproduced in half-a-dozen factories, north, south, east, and west. It is not really so fantastic a possibility as it sounds. The time may not be far off when no Englishman, Frenchman, Italian, or German will be either accused of failing to support home industries or congratulated on his patriotism because he buys any particular make. The internationalisation of cars has already made some small beginnings. At least one English small car is being built on the Continent—bearing another name, it is true, but still the same machine; and of two foreign cars one has been in production here for some time, and the other is to begin its career as a car produced in Great Britain before very long.

"British"—at 75 per cent. for example. The engine, transmission, and chassis are imported from France, together with the panels only of the bodies. The radiator, wheels, tyres, upholstery, glass, dashboard and controls, lamps, batteries, sparking-plugs, and, oddly enough, the exhaust-pipe, are bought in this country. The car is built—assembled is the more correct description—in England entirely by British labour. I understand that there is no foreigner on the pay-sheet, the whole personnel, from top to bottom, being British. I gather that about 65 per cent. of the Citroën is pure British, and when the figure rises to 75 per cent. it officially becomes a British car, with the right to display the sign "British-Built" at motor shows and places where they sell motor-cars.

Another Type. Another imported car, the Italian "O.M.," is in a slightly different category of the international class.

On its arrival in this country the chassis is stripped down and practically rebuilt from end to end by British workmen. Such modifications as are desirable in the eyes of owners over here are introduced, including alterations to gear-ratios and back-axles, the

fitting of smaller wheels, and so on. The coachwork is British, whether of the stock variety or ordered to meet customers' own requirements. To what extent are either of these cars British, French, or Italian? It is a nice point, but, however it may be decided, there is no denying that the building or assembling or reconstruction of foreign cars in England is an excellent thing from at least one aspect: it helps to decrease unemployment and creates a demand for British components, as in the case, particularly, of the Citroën. Further, it may be said to be of practical advantage to the public in stimulating competition.

## The Citroën "Six."

These speculations recurred to me the other day when I took out the new Citroën "Six" for trial and report. Here was a car which, in practically every detail, might have been designed for British tastes and built throughout in Great Britain. Except for a notice or word in French here and there, such as "essence" instead of "fuel" against the petrol-gauge, it had every appearance of being a British car. I knew it was of French origin, but there was very little to tell me so.

I suppose the most interesting thing about this new Citroën is its price. The six-windowed saloon costs £295, and, considering that the engine has a capacity of just under 2½ litres, with a £20 tax, it cannot be called anything but remarkably cheap. Yet it is not in any way cheap in the derogatory sense of the word. It is one of the best-finished cars of its type I have ever seen, and its general quality is considerably better than one or two I know of which cost half as much again, and more.

## Some Good Points.

The engine has lateral valves, a bore and stroke of 72 by 100, a Solex carburettor, an oil-purifier and an air-cleaner, and Delco Remy ignition. The distributor of the latter is mounted on the top of the cylinder-head, and a neat dust-proof cover protecting it and the sparking-plugs gives the whole engine a very tidy look. Everything is accessibly placed. I particularly liked the fuel-supply arrangement, in which the ordinary autovac is replaced by a good-sized subsidiary tank on the dash, which is automatically filled from the main tank at the rear of the chassis. The three-speed gear-box is centrally controlled, but the lever is comfortably placed, within easy reach of the driver's hand. The four-wheel

brake-set is operated through a vacuum servo attachment, made under Westinghouse license, the hand-brake working on the back wheels. The former is one of the best features of the car, being remarkably powerful, smooth, and rapid in action. Suspension is by semi-elliptics fore and aft, and it struck me as unusually good over every variety of surface.

## A Lively Car.

There is any amount of life in this Citroën. I could not judge of its maximum speed, as it was practically a brand-new car, but I was considerably impressed both with its ready pick-up and its sturdy efforts uphill. Its performance on a very long, trying rise, such as generally brings a four-speed car down to third, was exceptional for its class, and it took the steepest part of Pebblecombe Hill—one in six—at twenty miles an hour, according to the speedometer. I should say that, when it is properly run in, well over sixty miles an hour on top should be attainable.

The engine and transmission are naturally not so quiet as they would be in a more expensive car, but the noise they make is not at all excessive, and certainly not unpleasant. This is particularly true of the engine, which works surprisingly smoothly at fifty miles an hour. The carriage work is comfortable and roomy: I should prefer a little more headroom, but, as it is the uncomfortable fashion nowadays to have a saloon as low as possible, the makers can hardly be blamed for this. French or British, or both, the Citroën "Six" is an interesting addition to the growing list of value-for-money cars.

JOHN PRIOLEAU.

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## THE ROMANCE OF WHEAT.

### A VISIT TO THE HOVIS FLOUR MILLS.

BREAD is everywhere regarded as an essential of existence. Winslow, the seventeenth century English writer, called it the staff of life, and it has become so more and more. It is, perhaps, the most universally consumed of all food, and in most countries it is looked upon as the mainstay of workers. The process of preparing it varies much in different lands; as numerous are the variations of wheat, and it behoves us all to know why the treatment it receives by the Hovis Company results in the most nourishing and flavoursome of bread, for, by exercising discrimination in matters of diet, health may be improved and life prolonged.

A visit to the Hovis Flour Mills—and visitors are ever welcomed by the courteous members of the firm and shown the entire process—will prove why Hovis Flour will make the best bread, cakes, pastry, etc. By the Hovis process the germ is separated from the wheat and partially cooked by means of super-heated steam. This kills the ferment, which otherwise acts on the starch, and at the same time sterilises the fat and so prevents it becoming rancid. The germ so heated is ground to a fine meal, and of this one part is added to three of ordinary flour, and the mixture is



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known as Hovis flour, which is much richer in protein and fat than ordinary flour, and far fuller than the latter in delicious flavour.

A word is due here about the importance of flavour, for the destruction of food flavours of recent years, due to several causes—ignorance, indolence, or a desire to get rich quick—is little short of criminal, for it helps to undermine the consumer's health. Hovis flour and bread have the first essential of all good food—pleasant flavour—and its importance cannot be underrated. Pay a visit to the Hovis Mills, and the excellent odour of the wheat under treatment will at once increase a desire for food.

The Westminster Mill in the Grosvenor Road is divided into three parts—the wheat receiving and cleaning plant, the mill proper, and the warehouse. Barges, sailing along that highway of trade, the Thames, bringing in wheat from all parts of the world, draw in at the Hovis Mills, where the cargo is received by two pneumatic intake plants. It is then conveyed to the first floor, where provision is made for all dust to be filtered off. Subsequent happenings thoroughly cleanse the wheat and fit it for milling. The germ which is extracted during the milling is cooked with salt and then mixed with the white flour. Striking proofs of the great care which the firm takes to see that the flour they provide is as perfect as modern science can make it are given on every hand. Always on duty, while the machines are ever grinding, grinding, is a worker of experience, who tests every sack of flour ground, for he knows that the smallest breakage in the silk screen through which it passes will make all the difference to colour and flavour, and he is continually guarding against this. Then, before being sent out to the public, all flour is tested in a little bakehouse fitted with an electric oven. Here the products of the nine mills of the company are tested daily, for Hovis flour must come up to a certain high standard of perfection before being allowed to pass on for the use of the public.

Anyone who chooses to ask admission may see how this most excellent of breads is made, and they



THE WESTMINSTER MILLS OF HOVIS AS THEY WILL BE WHEN FINISHED.

will realise that not only for bread may Hovis flour be used. Its employment in the making of cakes, pastry, puddings, scones, gingerbread, etc., and a number of other things, invests these with an entirely new food value. Small wonder that the Hovis Company find it necessary to enlarge their borders at the mill in the Grosvenor Road. Our illustration shows the new mill as it will be when finished.

In addition to the making of the many delightful and nourishing sandwiches which can be evolved with this bread as a foundation, use Hovis flour in your cookery on all possible occasions, and good health and strength will follow. Here are delicious Queen cakes worked out with it: Take six ounces of Hovis flour, three eggs, three ounces of butter, four ounces of castor sugar, four ounces of cleaned currants, two ounces of candied peel cut into shreds, the grated rind of two lemons, and a quarter of a teaspoonful of baking powder. Cream together the butter and sugar, and beat in the eggs—one at a time. Stir in the dry ingredients, and, when well mixed, half-fill some queen-cake tins with the mixture. Bake in a quick oven. Thus real food value is given to these tea dainties.

Seven Cup pudding is well worth trying. It will often be made after its first trial because of its distinctive flavour. Take a teacupful each of Hovis flour, Hovis bread-crumbs, minced suet, sugar, raisins, currants, and milk, and allow one apple and a teaspoonful of good baking powder. Have the apple peeled and minced fine, and mix all the dry ingredients together. Moisten with the milk, and turn the mixture into a greased mould or basin. Twist a piece of greased paper on top and steam steadily.

Endless are the attractive things that may be prepared with this flour and bread. Experiment with them, and you will come to the conclusion that assuredly man has made no better flour than Hovis. On a



EVERY BIT OF FLOUR GROUND IN THE DIFFERENT HOVIS MILLS IS TESTED FOR COLOUR AND VALUE.

busy day try a luncheon of a well-baked Hovis roll, with a piece cut from the carcase of a Cheddar cheese, with a refreshing draught of shandy-gaff or wine. This will oftentimes be enjoyed far more than the choicest viands cooked at a restaurant.

JESSIE J. WILLIAMS, M.C.C.

## THE ART OF DINING.

### DAINTY SERVICE, AND THE IMPORTANCE OF FLAVOUR.

IT may, perhaps, be a little early in the year to speak very positively as to what will be the prevailing fashion in the art of dining. Suffice it to say that on the brink of another London season, everything tends towards refined simplicity in the way of table decorations and appointments, and towards the perfecting rather than towards the prolonging of the menu. This is as it should be. The old Masters never loaded their canvas for the sake of detail, and neither should the students of gastronomy overdo the art of dining.

There is, of course, a happy medium. The ill-regulated banquets of Lucullus stand at one extreme, and old Omar Khayyam's jug of wine and loaf of bread at the other, and it is she who is wise enough to walk down what in Germany they call "the golden middle way" when arranging a dinner that shall be perfectly cooked, who will ever be the popular hostess. Said one of George Meredith's characters, "Kissing don't last, cookery do," and to sneer at the old adage concerning the way to a man's heart is foolish; it simply hints at a truth that it is extremely difficult—for woman as well as man—to be pleasant and amiable when suffering from indigestion and its attendant ills.

March is the month when spring vegetables and fish begin to be abundant. New small carrots and turnips, artichokes, lettuces, come in from the Sunny South, and later in the month comes the king of all



THIS CUPBOARD, HANDY FOR ANY PART OF THE HOUSE, HAS AT THE BOTTOM AN INEXPENSIVE LITTLE GAS-HEATER WHICH AIRS LINEN EFFECTIVELY.

vegetables—asparagus. Then the ever-welcome white-bait make their appearance at the fishmonger's. There is more than a rumour of the appearance of good salmon, while scallops, turbot, smelts, flounders, eels, and carp will now be found fairly plentiful and in fine condition.

Among vegetables, it is potatoes, perhaps, that are in the most parlous condition during March. True, early supplies are coming into the markets, but they often lack flavour at this stage, and winter supplies are past their best. Still, much may be done to improve their service by careful consideration as to the best method of cookery. It is an occasion to urge the flavoursome way of cooking them in their jackets, thereby conserving that valuable mineral matter that gives the tuber cooked in this fashion its peculiarly delicious flavour. It is told of the ex-Kaiser that for one birthday dinner he ordered potatoes cooked in their jackets, and ate them—jackets and all!

Fresh salad stuffs delight the palate in March. John Evelyn, the diarist, in his wonderful work on salads, several hundred years ago, tells us that: "Let-  
ture ever was and still continues the principal foundation of the universal tribe of Sallets." Nothing appeals more to the palate in early spring than a

simple lettuce salad, unless, perhaps, it is a *salade de chicorée*, made with two heads of endive made very cold—in a refrigerator, if possible—and sprinkled with finely chopped tarragon and chervil. Just before serving, pour over a dressing made by mixing together one tablespoonful of oil with half that quantity of vinegar, and a little pepper and salt.

Now to consider different items of a springtime dinner—not in sequence, but as merely suggesting something attractive for the different courses. For a springtime soup there is none to surpass that known as *potage à la bonne femme*, to make which, prepare four or five spring onions and cut them in thin slices. Take the best leaves of a lettuce and a few sprigs of tarragon and sorrel, and, after washing and draining them, shred them finely with a sharp knife. Peel half a cucumber and cut it into shreds, and have ready washed a gill of green peas. Melt one and a-half ounces of butter in a saucepan, put in the vegetables, and cook them gently over a low gas for five minutes. Put one quart of white stock on to boil, and to it add the vegetables; allow the soup to simmer gently until the vegetables are tender—that will be in about half an hour. Beat together

the yolks of two eggs and a gill of cream. Draw the pan to one side of the stove, strain in the egg-mixture, stirring all the time, until the mixture thickens. Then serve very hot with pulled bread. Legend has it that this soup derived its name from

being likened to a charming woman in whose character a mild, pleasant acidity—given to the soup by the sorrel—counteracts too much creamy smoothness.

Dally not with *entrées* in spring time, and at the same time avoid the heavy joint. Let your decision rather fall on such a dish as *tournedos aux champignons*, the mushrooms being of the fresh, large order now universal. The *tournedos* should be cut from a tender, thick fillet steak in nice round shape, and about one and a-quarter inches thick. Season them and grill them. Put them on rounds of bread that have been fried in butter; put a nice piece of fat on each round, together with grilled mushrooms. Puffed potatoes—for which the winter variety do excellently—are the best accompaniment. Or potato *soufflés* may be served.

Prized for their delicate and delicious flavour, trout are perfect when cooked as follows: Thoroughly clean the fish and lay them on a greased fire-proof dish. Sprinkle them with pepper and salt, lemon juice, and a teaspoonful of capers that have been finely chopped. Add a light coating of bread-crumbs and small pieces of butter, cover all with greased paper, and bake in a moderate

[Continued overleaf.]



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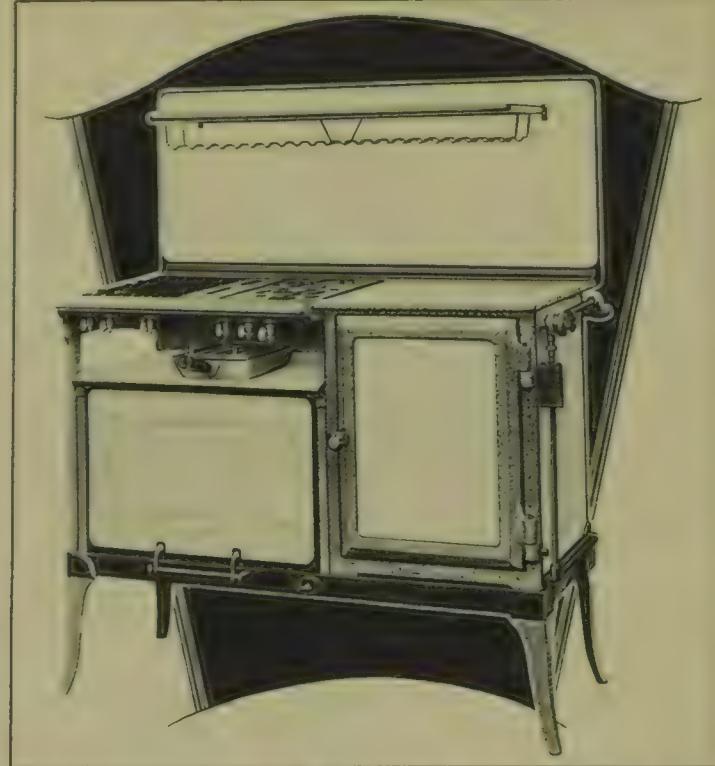
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A RICHMOND "BUNGALOW" "NEW WORLD" RANGE, FITTED WITH REGULO OVEN-HEAT CONTROLLER. FINISHED IN "RADO" PORCELAIN ENAMEL.



WRIGHT'S "EUREKA" "NEW WORLD" GAS RANGE, FINISHED WITH SIMILAR ENAMEL, AND ALSO FITTED WITH THE REGULO CONTROLLER.

## "Look after his meals" — says Mrs. Bonny



"My dear, I'm quite sure he's feeling very sorry for what he said. You'll make it up all right. Then if I were you I'd take this question of the meals thoroughly in hand. Have them right—and have them ready to time. Look after his meals. It makes such a difference to a man."

"But if you only knew how I try! You see, I came quite new to all this cooking."

"My dear child, you can cook as well as anyone if you just go about it the right way. Look at that cooker. It's called the 'New World' Cooker, and the great point of it is, it regulates your cooking absolutely. You just choose from the Radiation Cookery Book the dinner you think you would like. Then you give it all to the cooker to cook. You set this Regulo dial, which controls the oven heat. No other cooker in the world has it. You come back at the right time and you find every single thing just done to a nicety. Go to the Gas Show-rooms and arrange to have a 'New World.' In next to no time Richard will be saying your cooking reminds him of his mother's."

*"You set this Regulo dial,  
which controls the oven heat.  
No other cooker in the world  
has it."*

*Continued.]*  
oven. Serve very hot and garnished with thin slices of lemon.

Health demands that we get as much enjoyment out of our meals as possible; therefore flavour is the all-important consideration, and flavour depends very largely on the methods adopted of cooking food. This is why gas has for years been such a valuable medium; for different degrees of heat are assured by the mere turning of a tap. But in its early days the gas-cooker called for a certain amount of supervision during the cooking of a meal, and for thought and organisation in planning a dinner. As we all soon found out, the oven was the most economical part, the top of the cooker using the most gas: such things as needed a quick oven, and those which called for a slow one, could not be cooked satisfactorily at the same time. Modern science, however, has come to our aid once more, and after many experiments and tests, makers have evolved perfect cookers known as the "New World" Gas-Cookers, fitted with "Radiation" Regulo-controlled ovens. By means of this controller an oven of varying heats is supplied, a low-temperature space being provided as well as quicker heat space.

This means that an entire dinner—the different courses of which need different heats—may be perfectly cooked at the same time. Even soups and vegetables may be cooked in the oven, much to the saving of gas and the increase of flavour. For instance, such a dinner as shoulder of mutton, baked potatoes, baked onions, and rice pudding—all of which need different degrees of heat—may be cooked at one and the same time.

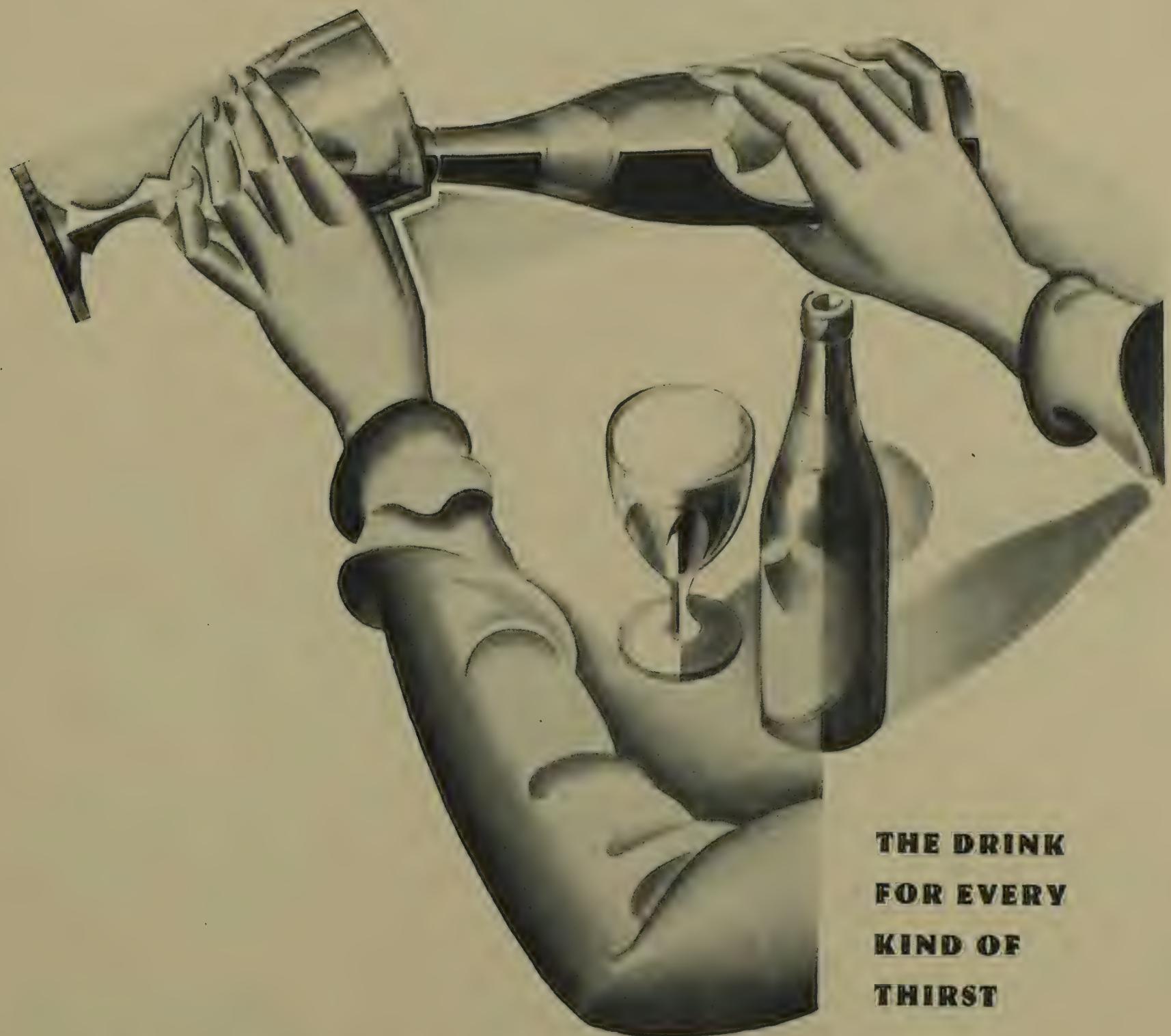
The advantages of employing one of these new cookers is obvious, and, in addition, the Regulo setting marks will indicate the exact time required to do the work, so that after putting in the dinner, the busy housewife may go about her other household duties without further trouble about cookery until the time arrives for the "New World" cooker, like a good fairy, to turn out the complete dinner menu cooked to a turn. These cookers, which are, by the way, finished with porcelain enamel that is practically everlasting and cleans like a dinner plate, may be seen at any of the local show-rooms of the Gas Light and Coke Company.

JESSIE J. WILLIAMS, M.C.C.

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THIRST

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## MARINE CARAVANNING.—XXI.

By COMMANDER G. C. E. HAMPTON.

## FITTING OUT AND CARE AND MAINTENANCE

A VESSEL deteriorates rapidly unless properly looked after, but if she is well built and cared for, her career will be as long as the allotted span of human life. Many newcomers to the water will not buy second-hand boats because they compare them with cars of the same age; but experienced yachtsmen often prefer them as having passed out of the "teething" period.

Commonsense alone is required to place and maintain a boat in good order, so the novice need not fear the task. I advise him to start by "fitting-out" his boat himself and to begin now. She should be hauled up on shore, and under cover for preference, all stores and movable fittings should be removed, and also the engine, should it need a complete overhaul. The bottom should then be cleaned, and, if not sheathed with copper, it should be scraped also, and carefully prodded with a sharp instrument to see whether any rot exists: if any is found, it is a matter for a qualified boat-builder. If a metal keel is fitted, its securing bolts should be inspected to see if they are tight or have corroded. The rudder should be unshipped for examination of its bearings, and the propeller-shaft withdrawn sufficiently to see if any wear has taken place. If the propeller blades are found to be bent over round the edges, they must be "trued up," and at the same time any slackness of the propeller on its shaft should be taken up.

The stern gland, or the watertight fitting where the propeller passes through the skin of the boat, requires special attention, for it is filled with packing which may want renewing. This is effected from

inside the boat by unscrewing the castellated collar round the shaft and then pulling out the old packing. All waste and soil pipes should be cleaned out, and also the strainer in the engine water inlet pipe. Should the boat be copper-sheathed, and a sheet require refastening, a liberal coat of thick red lead should be inserted between the copper and the planking before nailing down the copper. The bottoms of sheathed vessels are not painted, but special under-

Now, a propeller-shaft which is not in perfect alignment with the engine, and which has the slightest wobble when turning, causes vibration, hull strain, and leaks. Its final "lining up," therefore, is important, and should be done with the boat afloat, and in her normal running trim; it should never be completed when the vessel is ashore, for she is seldom then in her sea-going "shape." The adornment of the cabins and topsides is a matter of personal taste, but as paintwork below may be ruined by deck leaks, it is wise to take every precaution against them; they are very elusive, and are most common at the junction of the deck and raised cabin top. I find thick red lead pressed down by some thin wood moulding the best cure. Great care should be taken over the choice of paint and varnish, for salt water is the enemy of both; different grades should be used for outside and inside work, and the manufacturer should be consulted beforehand. Marine-engine maintenance is like that of a car engine, but, as the former works under damper conditions, it is wise to protect the magneto, when not in use, with a moisture-absorbing felt cover, which must be dried frequently. The sparking-plugs should be removed after running, and replaced with dummies, and a watchful eye must be kept against water in the fuel, which is a constant danger. If these precautions are observed, starting up will be easy. By becoming members of the recently formed Motor Boat Association, those interested in the pastime will forward its interests and their own, for it is the "A.A." of the sea. Communications should be

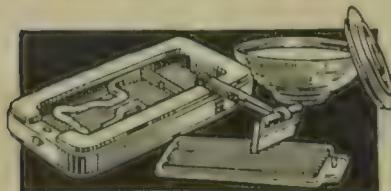
addressed to the Secretary, Motor Boat Association, 14, Grove Park, Anerley, S.E.20. Any marine caravanner who wishes both to see and try the various boats built by Messrs. Thornycroft, Ltd., should go to the exhibition at the Hampton Launch Works, Hampton, on March 18. Admission is free.



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water composition is required on unsheathed boats; there are various good brands on the market, and it pays to buy the best. When the final coat has been completed the vessel should be placed in the water and the bilges cleaned out and painted with oxide before replacing the ballast, and engine.

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## THE "BOLIVAR"



"Once we saw between the squalls, lyin' head to swell—  
Mad with work and weariness, wishing they was we—  
Some damned Liner's lights go by like a grand hotel:  
Cheered her from the *Bolivar*, swampin' in the sea."  
Rudyard Kipling—"The Ballad of the *Bolivar*."

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## THE PLAYHOUSES.

## SIR GERALD DU MAURIER IN "FAME."

THAT attractive actress, Miss Audry Carten, and her sister have supplied Sir Gerald du Maurier at the St. James's in "Fame," with a picturesque part and with a play that is theatrically effective, and sometimes a little more than that. Their first act makes a good start. Some of the characters may be slightly exaggerated here, but interest is aroused and an air of naturalness secured when, into the midst of a group of hunting folk, strangely embarrassed and frigid, comes the daughter of the house, with an odd-looking young man in tow, whom she declares she means to marry—a genius, she is sure, though for the moment he is acting as violinist in a cinema orchestra. Married they are, despite old-fashioned paternal threats, and a genius this Gheradi proves; but the story goes on to describe how at the height of his fame he lost the power of his arms through paralysis; how Sonia, his wife, loyally nursed the fretful invalid through his illness; and how the moment of his cure coincided with the discovery that he had lost her love and a violent quarrel between the pair. That quarrel scene is highly exciting from a mere stage point of view; you wince at the blow which makes its climax. Both Sir Gerald du Maurier and Miss Nora Swinburne are at their acting best in this passage, but you feel that girl and genius have become theatrical figures. Not that either player over-acts. Sir Gerald, indeed, with his ease of manner and rapid speech, is careful to avoid any suspicion of emotional extravagance. His performance is an object-lesson in stage naturalism. For the rest, Miss Cathleen Nesbitt and Mr. Nigel Bruce are amusing as a disagreeable pair of hunting types. They have quaint things to say. Not a little of the authors' dialogue, it may be remarked, has aptness and humour.

## "THE RUMOUR." AT THE COURT.

The worst of Mr. C. K. Munro is his passion for rhetoric; he is too fond of letting his characters talk at tiresomely great length. Here is his anti-war play,

[Continued in Column 3.]

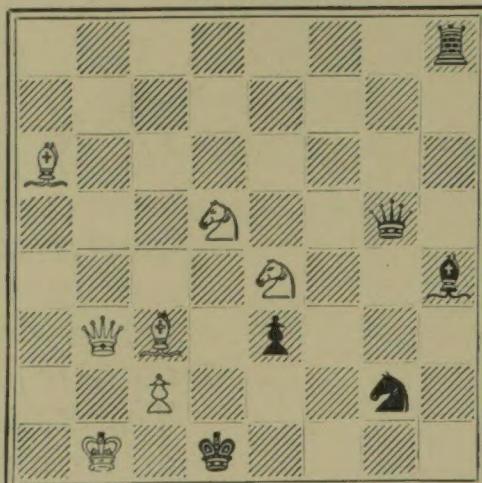
## CHESS.

CONDUCTED BY ERNEST IRVING.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Letters intended for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, I.L.N., Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

PROBLEM No. 4044.—By EDWARD BOSWELL (LANCASTER).

BLACK (6 pieces).



WHITE (7 pieces).

[In Forsyth Notation: 7r; 8; B7; 3S2q1; 4S2b; 1QB1p3; 2P3s1  
1R1K4.]

White to play, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 4042 (T. C. EVANS.)

Keymove: QR4.

If 1. — KB5, 2. KtK6; if 1. — R on file, 2. KtB6; if 1. — R on rank, 2. KtK6; if 1. — PB5, 2. QK1; if 1. — Kt moves, 2. BK8. A clever key with a Q sacrifice granting a flight which is followed by a pretty pin-mate. The mate after PB5, with obstruction and self-block, is also ingenious.

## WINTER FINISHES BRILLIANTLY.

This game, from the London Christmas Tournament, shows a Morphyesque ending by Winter, and, in addition, enables Mr. Drewitt, affectionately known as "the Professor," to give a demonstration of how not to play the Queen's Fianchetto. See, student, and be warned, how he places his QB on Kt2 and blocks up every exit. The notes, naturally, are from "The Winter's Tale."

## (Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE	BLACK	WHITE	BLACK
(W. Winter.)	(J. A. J. Drewitt.)	(W. Winter.)	(J. A. J. Drewitt.)
1. PQ4	PQ4	19. BKB3	BKB3
2. PQB4	PK3	20. RKT3	BKT2
3. KtKB3	KtKB3	21. BxP	KxP
4. BKT5	QKQ2	22. PKR4	
5. PK3	BK2		
6. KtB3	Castles		
7. RB1	PQKt3		

Take 't up, I say.

8. P x P P x P

What a boot is here with this exchange!

9. BO3 BKt2

10. QK2 PB4

11. Castles PB5

He shuts up himself.

12. BB5 KtK5

13. BB4 Kt x Kt

14. P x Kt PKt3

I have seen two such sights.

15. B x Kt Q x B

16. KtK5 QK3

17. BR6 KRK1

18. PB4 PB4

19. RB3

Thy intention stabs the centre.

WHITE (W. Winter.)

BLACK (J. A. J. Drewitt.)

WHITE (W. Winter.)

BLACK (J. A. J. Drewitt.)

19. BKB3

20. RKT3

21. BxP

22. PKR4

Well, let us to the King; there is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard.

23. PR5 QK3

24. KB2

I see the play so lies that I may bear a part.

25. RKR6 Q x BP

A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles.

26. P x P PKR3

Not weighing well the end.

27. R x P !! K x R

This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so.

28. QR5ch !! Physic for 't there is none.

Black resigns.

For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

Continued.]

"The Rumour," bobbing up again at the Court; it has been cut vigorously since the Stage Society produced it, but is still badly in need of the pruning knife. No sensible playgoer quarrels with its cinematograph-like technique: experiment is all to the good in the theatre. The theme—that wars are often provoked by financiers' intrigues and by trade ambitions—may find its critics, but is legitimate enough as a theme. It is worked out logically and with impressive satirical vividness. But the action limps at times, largely because the dramatist cannot put a curb on his pen. There are at least two speeches left in this series of tableaux which should be thinned to shreds because they dissipate interest and weary the ear. In the cast Mr. Michael Sherbrooke, Mr. Charles Carson, Mr. Stanley Lathbury, Mr. Rupert Harvey, and Miss Margaret Yarde all shine, and the play deserves a hearing; but it is more likely to get that hearing if Mr. Munro will show more mercy to his audiences.

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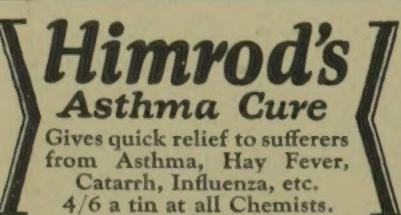
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